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STRAY SHOTS

*From
Solomon*

"Wisdom crieth without; she
uttereth her voice in the streets."

By S. Davidson

THE JAMES ACTON PUBLISHING CO.

Toronto

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APOLOGY

THAT "STRAY SHOTS" were never intended for formal presentation in their present form may be gathered from a most casual perusal. It is several years since the first of these "random shafts" were launched in the columns of a well-known Trade Journal, and even then it was never expected that their flight would assume anything like regular recurrence. Being addressed to business men they are a simple attempt to give a modern and very practical interpretation to the thought of the wise man.

While the writer feels under some obligation to crave indulgence for a studied lack of any literary style, and feels called upon to apologize to the authors of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes for the liberty, more or less, taken with some of their words of wisdom, he hopes that the homely if not original presentation of the truths may not be without effect, and that the desire expressed by readers of the "Shots" in serial form to have them collected in a volume may bring satisfaction not only to them but to some who have not hitherto perused these vagrant hits.

SOLOMON

Toronto, January, 1907

Stray Shots from Solomon

**THEY LIKE
STRAIGHT TALK** This world never saw the day when it did not take off its hat to Truth, no matter how it had to dodge its shafts. The unjust as well as the just accord it homage. Sham and hypocrisy are not normal traits with humanity. The thief respects the upright man, and the liar honors truth in spite of his moral obliquity. Some scallawags can tell an upright man how to live better than the most accepted authority on ethics.

**LIKE CLOUDS
AND WIND
WITHOUT RAIN** So saith Solomon is the man who "boasteth himself of a false gift." There must have been bankrupt, fire and removal sales in Jerusalem in those days. Oh, the monotony of this eternal din of boasting charlatanism that is misnamed modern business enterprise! It would seem that the man who buys goods in a fair market and endeavors to sell at a modest margin is engaged in a task more hopeless than the search for the North Pole. The worst of it is, that the public seem to like playing the role of suckers and bite every time the line is dropped with some fresh scheme that appeals to their cupidity. If fire happens to come within two squares of the modern fakir, up goes the canvas sign with its flaring letters announcing the "fire-water-and-smoke sale," and the dis-

arranged store, with the help of a bucketful or so of water, is made ready for the horde of bargain hunters who rush into the trap as soon as it is set. A bystander at a recent fire in this city remarked that some people (meaning those in his business adjacent to the conflagration) seemed to be born under a lucky star, and went away bemoaning the fate that located him so far from the scene that he could not get his paint brush and advertising quill to work. The man who chooses this cyclone or sirocco method of doing business makes a big stir and seems to prosper; but we have never known anyone to build up a lasting fortune on such a foundation. More than that, in the very nature of things character as well as means are shrivelled inevitably by the process.

Some men seem to think their heads fulfil the purpose for which a beneficent
USE YOUR HEAD Providence intended them when they absorb three meals a day and afford a means of displaying the latest ideas in hats. Like the dog with the chronic "tired feeling," who used to lean against the fence to bark, the process of thinking is so exhausting that with many it is only indulged in at long intervals. People let out their thinking. In politics there are few men who can give a reason for being on one side or the other beyond echoing the sentiments of some wily politician or loud-mouthed demagogue. Religious opinions and convictions, in a majority of cases, are the absorbed product of other minds. A good deal of intellectual swallowing is done by those who would doubtless resent the imputation of credulity. Some who prate about their priest-ridden neighbors are quite as effectually saddled and bridled, if they only knew it, as those they pity. This is an age of brilliant mental effort, but the

brilliancy seems to be largely borrowed. What the world wants is more independent individual thought. Let business men quit the ruts and cut out thinking paths for themselves. An hour of careful thought and wise planning is worth a whole day of aimless plodding. "Ponder the paths of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established."

**KEEP CLEAR
OF LAW**

Many an unmarked pauper's grave contains the remains of a man who, had he respected this precept, would have left at least his name to the world. With some, the mania for "lawing" seems to be hopelessly constitutional. They "law" their friends, their neighbors, their customers, creditors and everyone who chances wittingly or unwittingly to cross them. It is from this class of cranks that lawyers reap their richest harvest. We have in mind a man who went to law over a load of cordwood, and carried on the litigation until it absorbed a farm of a hundred acres and as comfortable a home as a man ever had, all for a consideration of less than five dollars. That man died without money enough to decently bury him, and had it not been for the kind offices of those who knew him in his days of prosperity he would have found his last resting-place in the potter's field. Doubtless hundreds of similar cases might be recounted. Hotheadedness is a deplorable weakness that ought to find no palliation with business men. The man who jeopardizes the interests of his family, as well as his own, for the sake of mean spite or thirst for personal satisfaction, ought to be put in a straight jacket. Law is a good thing in its place, and sometimes it is necessary in settling the meaning of statutes or in adjusting other difficult matters; but in the majority of cases differences can be arranged with a little mutual patience and forbearance. In any case,

"Strive not against a man without cause." Beware of uncalled-for interference with your neighbor.

**A WARNING
TO SQUEEZERS**

It is a strange fact that money gotten by fraud and crooked dealing never stays in the possession of those that make it. The other day we heard of a man, on his own confession, stole a fortune a few years ago, and was until recently apparently enjoying the fruits of his dishonesty without prospect of molestation. A strange thing with man's law is, that one can steal and escape jail, if he only does it in the right way. This man, however, could not escape the divine law, that decrees that "Wealth gotten by dishonesty shall be diminished," and "He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, shall gather it for him that shall pity the poor." Only the other day he was left high and dry with his ill-gotten gains scattered to the winds. A man came in last week who is not noted for talking morality of any particular type, and who has had a fair chance to prove what there is in the doctrine, "Look out for number one regardless of number two." He made this startling confession, in the course of a conversation in regard to shady business transactions: "I have touched dirt, and by — it has stuck to me right through." This is a stray shot from one who probably scoffs at Solomon's injunction: "Devise not evil against thy neighbor."

**MIND YOUR
OWN BUSINESS**

Your clerks will not do it for you. Don't make any mistake. The man who goes gadding about the country talking politics, temperance or other fads, and leaves his business in the hands of his help or his family, is sowing the seeds of business failure. The man who devotes most of his

time to church affairs to the neglect of his business will just as surely come to grief as he who is found at the ball game or the race track when he should be at his store or his office. To be "diligent in business" is just as imperative as being "fervent in spirit." Men talk about the misfortune of business and attribute to "mysterious Providence" results that knew no other cause than common laziness or willful neglect. Such rot as these idiots talk! The best clerk in the world will not fill the place of the proprietor of an establishment. We heard the other day of a merchant in a Western city who missed one of his best opportunities of the season by being so interested in a sporting event that he could not be seen at his office at the proper time. There is as much money in business to-day as ever for those who know how to "mind their business." "Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds; for riches are not forever."

**ONE THAT
STICKS**

Once in a while one is reminded that friendship like that of Damon and Pythias or David and Jonathan is not quite a myth even in this age of heedless selfishness. There are still people who do not measure life by the number of dollars that can be piled up in the "three score years and ten," or estimate men by the amount of use they can be made of in attaining this object. There is such a thing as pure disinterested friendship that seeks no other compensation than the weal of its object and no other satisfaction than a reciprocation of the regard. Many a man has realized the truth of Solomon's remark that "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Notwithstanding the common saying, "blood is thicker than water," many a one has found in those

outside his own family circle those who have been nearer to him than his own brethren. A true friend is a treasure beyond any comparison.

TAKE THE Solomon says, "Wisdom crieth without ;
PLUGS OUT OF she uttereth her voice in the streets."
YOUR EARS

Listen to her. It will pay you. I stood at the corner of the street a few days ago with a friend just after lunch. As we stood, a man passed who was once one of the most honored and respected wholesale merchants in the city, but now with unshaven face, threadbare clothes and bleared eyes, he picks up a job here and there for whatever he can get. Last week he was handling trunks for a former traveller of his at fifty cents a day and his board. All his position and prospects thrown to the winds for whiskey ! A few minutes later another passed who was once well connected in business, now earning a precarious living in various ways, brought to it through "wine and women." Hardly had he passed out of sight when another followed who once drove his carriage and pair down to his counting house and back to his luxurious home, but at this particular time was making a short cut for a ten-cent lunch counter, through gambling. People do not need churches and ministers to point out the results of folly and wrong doing. There are some men reading this article who are on the path that leads to this, and who will doubtless reap the same harvest. Friend, take the plugs out of your ears and hearken to wisdom lest it happens with you as with them at the last. "Because I have called and ye have refused ; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded ; but ye have set at naught all my counsels, and would none of my reproof ; I also will laugh at your calamity : I will mock when your fear cometh."

**THE ACCOMMOD-
ATION FOOL**

The man who jeopardizes his standing and the daily bread of his family by endorsing notes for "quasi" friends is worse than a fool. Charles Dickens being asked for advice by a young man in regard to a loan of five pounds that an acquaintance wished to procure, told him to take his money and drop it into the Thames. "Then," said Dickens, "you will only lose your money, but if you lend it to your friend you will lose both money and friend." I have seen men bring their families to absolute beggary because they had not backbone enough to say "no" when somebody asked them for an accommodation. A man failed recently, and in the crash brought down almost every personal friend he had. To-day he has to endure besides the shame of failure their execrations. Neither give nor take accommodation. If you are in a pinch consult your creditors. They are the men who are making money out of you and are the men to carry you if you need it. Don't go and put your hand in some friend's pocket and rob his wife and children of their bread and butter. The man who eschews this endorsing business has learned an important lesson on business success. "He that is surety for another shall smart for it: and he that hateth suretiship is sure."

**DON'T STEAL
TIME**

There are men who would scorn to steal a cent directly from anyone, who are dishonest in other respects. They do not regard squeezing extra time from their creditors without interest as theft although in the majority of cases it is nothing more nor less. There are some people who hang to money like a sick kitten to a hot brick. We have heard of an old farmer who used to ride on the rear end of the train coming into town so that he would have the

longest possible interest on his money while fares were being collected. So there are merchants who will not pay until the very last moment, although they have the money. They grieve to part with it. This is not only a mistake but it is wrong. The man who retains money unnecessarily after it is due is keeping what does not belong to him, and is really cheating his creditor out of the advantage of its possession. Some of you old hard shells who make long prayers in church and hold on to money until your fists have to be pried open with a crowbar, just turn this over in your thinking tank. Says Solomon: "Say not unto thy neighbour, Go and come again, and to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee."

HOGS AND HAWKS

The hog fattens for the knife; the greedy man finally gets stuck. Some people manage to lengthen out their game of grab to a pretty fair limit; but, as a rule, they overreach before they get very far. It takes a lot of cunning and skill to keep from overbalancing, and some hogs become fairly adept at it. Some day, however, the temptation is too strong, and the porker stretches his eager snout too far across the balancing line, and he gets it in the neck. The man who stole the sawmill might have gone on sawing wood indefinitely with his purloined plant, but that one morning he woke up and concluding he might as well have the dam, he went back for it and got corralled. The hawk, with his continual preying, becomes so bold that his depredations respect not the garish light of midday, and finally he crosses the sight of a double-barrelled gun and gets winged. Keep up crookedness long enough and it will scorch you. A man can neither be hog nor hawk without at last getting either

the butcher knife or the gun in the neck. "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house."

**YOU CAN'T PREY
AND PRAY** "To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice" (Prov. 21 : 3). Sniffing sanctimoniousness and ostentatious liberality on one day in the week will not atone for the crookedness and meanness of the other six. There are some merchants who, if the last man who sold them a bill of goods were shown into their pew on Sunday, would be as uncomfortable as Dives in Hades. If we could get Monday levelled up to Sunday, times would be better, and the world brighter. The man who pays twenty cents on the dollar to his creditors, and whose "princely givings" are heralded to the world, is an offence to the Almighty as great as Sodom and Gomorrah, if we are to believe Solomon and other Scripture writers. The man who wrings unjust allowances from people from whom he buys goods may profess entire sanctification, but he is a sanctified thief just the same. "Ye cannot serve God and greed."

**ARE YOU ONE
OF THOSE
FOOLS?** Are you one of those who have managed to gather their tired faculties together sufficiently to skim through one or two of these paragraphs, and sneer at "cant" and "religion" in business? Solomon says: "Fools make a mock at sin." Are you, young man, who have "cut your eye teeth," making a mock at crookedness and glorying in wrong-doing? A young man the other day was sent to the penitentiary for seven years who, twelve months ago, was doing no more than you are to-day. He belonged to that class familiarly known as the "boys," and was endeavoring to do what many a foolish young man has

attempted to do before and graduated into the States prison. He was trying to keep a "woman" on a salary of twelve dollars a week, and had to fall back on his employer's till to help him out. Smarter men than you, young scoffer, have said clever things about these warnings of Solomon, and have had the opportunity for more sober reflection forced upon them.

**CAGED AND
UNCAGED
JAIL BIRDS**

A New York banker, whose son was sent to Sing Sing recently for embezzlement, is reported to have been broken-hearted over the fact that the youth had disgraced his family for the paltry sum of one thousand dollars. Had it been a hundred thousand, said the unconsolable parent, the affair might have been characterized as a clever manipulation of funds the family name saved the odium that attaches to a common thief. There are people who would walk back six blocks to pay a five-cent car fare who would steal a sawmill, or any other mill for that matter, without blinking if they could walk off with it without the danger of walking into a government morality sanitarium. It is marvellous what a consummate thief a man may be in these days of grace and still walk the streets as a free man. Public conscience is eased by seizing the plebian thug and a sprinkling of small calibre patrician swindlers and clapping them into jail. There are many who have earned the penitentiary cell as effectually as the man sent down the other day. Those who escape the lockup this side of the cemetery, however, have to figure on a reckoning on the other that is not as man's justice. "The great God that formed all things both rewardeth the fool, and rewardeth the transgressors" (Prov. 26 : 10).

HOW MUCH
FOR IT ?

Some men put the price of a five-cent drink on their reputation, some figure it is worth a little more. What shall a man give in exchange for his reputation ? Will the success or wealth of a Jay Gould or a Vanderbilt offset for the obloquy of a mean selfish or dishonest life ? Speaking of a certain business man who is regarded as "successful" in the accepted sense, a person said the other day : "In ten years of going in and out amongst the trade I have not heard a solitary good word spoken of him." When a man lives to deserve this what matters it what balance he carries in the bank ? We are sometimes tempted to believe in the Darwinian theory, only the illustrations we have seen of it all seem to develop in the opposite direction. We have known men with fair reputations who have gone into business and by some strange evolution have gradually been transformed into "skunks." And how rapid the process is, and how perfect the result in some cases. Said a prominent wholesaler the other day, referring to a well-known retail firm : "The concern has plenty of money but they have no principle." Yea, verily "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Jacob thought he was doing a pretty smart thing when he took the skin of the kid and deceived his poor old father into thinking his first-born Esau was before him and thus stole his brother's blessing, but there came a day when his ten blackleg sons brought in the coat of many colors, dipped in the blood of a kid and with almost the identical trappings he had used to deceive old Isaac, deceived him into the belief that Joseph, his pet son, whom they had sold as a slave, had been slain by wild beasts. He

sowed a lie and reaped ten with such sorrow of soul that it made him an old man in his prime. David did some clever thinking to get Uriah's wife and committed murder to cover up his miserable crime of adultery. What did he get? Adultery in his own family, following murder, in which one of his sons slew the other. These things get round. A man can't sow thistles and get wheat, he can't sow smartweed and get strawberries. There are some men who wonder that their sons turn out crooked. They expect a corrupt tree to bring forth good fruit. The man who sows deception will get up some morning and find himself one of the worst deceived men in the world. The man who is always tricking his neighbors and making unjust gains, will discover sooner or later that his own feet will be fast in the net. The chickens may be a little late getting back to the coop, but they will come home to roost just the same. Some thief who reads this will sneer at this prophecy, but he will think of it when he gets caught in the toils. "Who-so diggeth a pit shall fall therein; and he that rolleth a stone it will return upon him."

**WHERE THEY
COME FROM**

When we ask this question in regard to thistles or any similar unsought crop that matures every summer without the special encouragement of the farmer, no difficulty is anticipated in regard to the answer. People seem to be pretty well satisfied that they do not spring from pumpkin, corn or barley seed. In regard, however, to the crop of liars and rogues that is produced from season to season in social and business life there seems to be an impression that it is a spontaneous development without any "raison d'etre" whatever. By some mysterious dispensation of providence righteous fathers and mothers

are given vagabond sons and daughters and honest merchants thieving reprobate clerks. Both classes shake their heads and sigh, and the world commiserates them. Let us not be hasty in judging, but how can we credit the claim that all this crookedness just simply "happens?" A case comes to mind of the only son of a "respected" father, high in society and the church, the boy in spite apparently of the best home influences becoming a veritable outcast, a drunkard and a gambler. All the world wondered at this untoward product of good seed sowing until a few years later the father's failure developed some strangely inconsistent transactions and practices that threw a little light on the wildness of the son. No, this kind of crop grows from seed just as surely as any other. The man who is shady in his business dealings must expect to develop clerks that are not over scrupulous with their employer's time or money, and the father who is not all to his son that a father ought to be, which covers the ground pretty well, cannot expect his sons to be any better at least than their old dad. The wise man saith: "If a ruler hearkens to lies all his servants are wicked," and this is just as true to-day as a thousand years before Christ.

THE "TRICKY" MAN The word "tricky" when applied to a person expresses a world of meaning. It means more than untrustworthy. It combines cunning, crookedness, mercilessness and meanness of a character the most despicable. The tricky man comes into the warehouse to buy goods with smiling countenance and outstretched palm. Prices and terms are satisfactory and he goes his way, leaving behind him a shimmering halo that would make an angel of light turn pale with envy. But the trouble begins when he

leaves the premises. He has purposely ordered a large quantity to get a close price, and next day comes a cancellation of a third of the order. When this is adjusted and the goods shipped, they no sooner reach their destination than a claim is forwarded for shortage or inferiority with a demand for reduction in price or extra discount. This is fought out with a pertinacity known only to sneak thieves of this class. After this comes a deduction for some fancied overcharge, and so the game is played on to the finish. The "tricky" man is well up on all the points, and usually comes out first as far as each particular game is concerned, but the point we wish to make here is that he is woefully beaten in the end. The writer was in a large establishment some time ago and in conversation with the proprietor a circumstance was mentioned which proves this: "Do you see that job lot of goods yonder," said he; "I had So-and-So (mentioning a well-known buyer) here this morning and he made us an offer of so much for the goods which I promised to consider and let him know this afternoon. I have, however, just sold them to another firm for five per cent. less than G——e offered me for them, because we always have trouble getting settlements with him; he is so "tricky." You can be tricky and make money at it for a while, Mr. Sneak-thief, but the Nemesis is on your track. The net you have spread so cunningly for other people will tangle your own feet some day and then woe unto you.

**WORSE THAN
A DRUNKARD**

There is more hope of the drunkard than the sluggard. The disease of laziness when it lays hold on a man works in so deep that even the gold cure won't reach it. When you get a combination of drink and laziness, you have the

devil's masterpiece. Drunkenness is practically a by-product of laziness. The man who is properly interested in his business finds no time to run around the corner with every bum that asks him out to wash his neck. Another thing, his mind is off his stomach when his business is getting the share of his attention it should, and he finds the temptation to soak insignificant. It is the man, who lets the dust gather inch deep on his shelves or his goods, and who discards soap and water as a superfluous and unnecessary adjunct to social as well as business life, who finds a pleasant and congenial task in rushing the can. The temptation to take things easy is natural to the flesh. Man is so much more the man as his mind rises above fleshly instincts and desires. As smoke to the eyes and vinegar to the teeth, so is the sluggard to them that send him."

**CRUCIFY THE
FLESH**

There was a time when physicians were responsible for the abominable doctrine that a man could only develop true manhood by indulging in his animal passions, and young men were sent headlong on a short cut to hell by the advice of their own fathers and their family physicians. Many a promising young man has filled an early grave, the result of the idea that it was the proper thing to "see" all there was of life. There are doubtless young men reading this paragraph who inside of the next ten years will be rotting in the cemetery through allowing fierce animal fire to burn out the vital spark. The wise man knew whereof he spake when he said of the "strange woman": "Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded; yea many strange men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the

chambers of death." Moreover, the man who allows his appetites and passions to dominate him is a beast without even the instincts that protect the brute creation against the terrible results of unrestricted indulgence. Do we not see these besotted creatures with the record of their low, sensual lives written on their countenances as on the open page of a book? The man who can trample these surgings of his lower nature under his feet has attained a manhood far nobler than that of any titled aristocracy, for "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

**BE NOT RIGHT-
EOUS OVER-
MUCH** We knew a man who had the habit of putting "God willing" on the postals he sent out to the trade announcing that he would call on them on or about a certain date. Occasionally a Scripture text graced these and other little missives. It may have been merely a coincidence, but this individual was one of the yellowest, meanest men it was one's lot to have met, and our estimate of him was pretty generally shared by those who had business dealings with him. A prominent man in this city showed the writer an application for a situation received the other day from a young man who headed each page with a text. The young man is still without a job. There is no plethora of genuine righteousness, but there is an awful surplus of the kind that looks for trade or preferment through donning its garb. These men, with one hand on the Bible and the other clutching their neighbor's throat or in his pocket, are more menace to Christianity than all the atheists on earth and the devils in hell. What the world does respect is goodness, and a man does not need to quote Scripture texts to convince people he has the right kind. I would rather know

what a man's wife or employees think of him, or hear what the travellers say of him who sell him goods, than get my ideas from his certificate of church membership or the handsome testimonial presented by his fellow-officers and teachers in the Sabbath School. It is in the home, store, warehouse or factory that the test of goodness is found. Charles Dickens, when asked to address a large boys' school in Boston some years ago, when visiting the Hub, arose and said, amidst impressive silence, "Boys, be good," and sat down. Oh ! for that goodness which, like the precious ointment, fills the surrounding atmosphere with its fragrance, and turns the arid desert into a garden of roses.

**BIRDS OF A
FEATHER**

There is a law of cohesion in the moral as well as physical atoms of this universe. Like is drawn to like. Birds of a feather flock together, whether they are blackbirds or jailbirds. When you see a man frequent the company of gamblers, drunkards or thieves it is safe to assume that his plumage harmonizes with theirs, no matter how skilfully he may be disguised by the few respectable feathers he flourishes. Decent men have no affinity with scallawags and vice versa. "Show me your company," says an old proverb, "and I will tell you what you are." When you see a young man, or for that matter an old man, flocking with those birds of gay plumage that flit in and out of the glittering side entrances to hell it does not take much of a prophet to outline his career in advance. We have no patience with little fellows who chirp about the difficulty of leading a virtuous life and who whine about the temptations of city or town life being so great, "don't you know." Why, an angel from heaven would be corrupted if he spent an hour in the company you

were in last night, you poor little devil's fledgling. If you have any ambition to be anything but a moral buzzard get up and shake yourself free from the company of vultures. "Enter not into the path of the wicked and walk not in the way of evil men."

AS MEAN
AS HELL

This fragment of conversation floated to us the other day on the sultry atmosphere as two men hurried along the other side of the street. The expression, like many similar, was doubtless the product of a vacant mind. Yet the simile was most apt. Solomon says, "hell and destruction are never full," indicating an infinite insatiability that finds its counterpart in the horrid greed of some men who will do almost anything to satisfy their avarice. Such was the man who used to make his children go to bed supperless and stole the coppers from them while they slept. Meanness follows a man even to the brink of the dark river. A story is told of a man who, in the last stages of consumption, was informed that he could not live overnight. Thinking that he would like to be as presentable as possible in his coffin, he had the barber summoned. Still unwilling to undergo the ordeal of a shave in his weak condition he enquired in short gasps what the charge would be for shaving a corpse. "One dollar," was the reply. "And-how-much-for-the-job-now?" faintly articulated the patient after a moment's pause. "Ten cents," replied the barber. The dying man closed his eyes, and in an interval or two gasped faintly, "Lather up!" There are some men reading this paragraph whose propriety is shocked at such a conception of penuriousness, yet who for a good deal less money than ninety cents have manifested meanness of quite as glaring a character within the past thirty days. Let him who has not refused a draft or squeezed an extra discount cast the first stone.

"What fools we mortals be," quoth
AN ANGRY FOOL Shakespeare. One of the most arrant
fools is the man who has not a rein upon
his temper. There is such a thing as righteous anger,
which it takes a man in the full possession of his facul-
ties and dignity to feel and show. There is a kind of
anger, however, which as Solomon says "resteth in the
bosom of fools." The man who kicks stovepipes all over
the room when they drop just as he is connecting the
last length, and the man who wants to lick everybody
who tramples on his dignity or calls him a liar, belong
to this class. So also does the red-faced individual who
seeks out the person who has done him a real or fancied
injury, and exhausts the written and unwritten lexicon
in expressing his views. If some of us could only see
how we look when we allow temper to sweep us into
ridiculous scenes, we should be careful about allowing
our angry passions to master us. A newspaper report
credits the reformation of a notorious drunkard to an
ingenious scheme planned by his wife. She had him
photographed when he was on a particularly "wobbly
jag," and presented him with the picture when he got
over his spree. The next time, my hot-headed friend,
that you feel like smashing things, go and take a look
in the mirror.

**A LITTLE
TOO FAR** Greed always overreaches itself and brings
its own retribution. The man who stole
the sawmill would have been all right if
he had let well enough alone ; but his greed led him to
go back after the dam, and he got caught. We heard of
a man the other day who succeeded in getting an allow-
ance on his bill for shortage, then an extra discount, and
finally refused the draft on account of an odd fifteen

cents. It was the last straw, and the camel refused to carry the load. The paper was protested, sued, and the hog had to pay a nice little bill of costs. This he not only mourns, but the fact that the whole transaction is out will make the results of his avarice rather costly. This disposition to squeeze the last cent out of others is a despicable trait. There are men who appear to be decent in every other way, but are afflicted with a strange mania for exacting concessions in settlements. In fact this evil seems so prevalent that few are free from it. It is one of those habits that few realize as being practically dishonest. Of course, as they say, the wholesaler is not compelled to accede to these demands; but when a pistol is held to a man's head on the highway, it is idle to talk about his not being compelled to hand over his wad. Decent men, in thinking the matter over, will see that the practice is neither creditable nor honorable.

**ACTS, NOT
WORDS**

In every age the world has had a healthy respect for the man whose deeds are in fair proportion to his words. "Res non verba" represents the sentiments of the old Romans on this subject. If the hands of some people were as big as their mouths, it would take a number sixteen glove to fit them. There are lots of men who will sing with gusto in a missionary meeting

"Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were a present far too small,"

but when the collection plate is put under their nose and they are asked to put their sentiments into cold hard cash, they drop a five-cent piece upon it with a sigh of regret that suggests the other well-known lines—

"When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain."

**WET EYED
SCAMPS**

Of all the mean men, the meanest is the man who always has a tear or two at his command for a touching story or an affecting song. It is said that Danton, the blood-thirsty villain of the French Revolution, was formerly a judge, and that he resigned his position rather than pronounce the death sentence upon a convicted murderer, so great was his horror of bloodshed. Keep your eye on the man who is always pulling out his pocket handkerchief. Never let him get his thumb on you or verily you will not come forth until you have paid the uttermost farthing. Men who are easily swept by emotion are as frequently played upon by evil spirits as good. The man who will go down into his pocket instead of shedding crocodile tears, or who will take off his coat and give a lift to an unfortunate fellow, instead of quoting scripture promises or expressing his sympathy, is worth all the loud-mouthed shallow-souled professors from here to the other end of the earth.

**SQUARING
THEMSELVES**

There are times when people try to square themselves with their consciences. Sacrifices are offered upon the altar of Yuletide for the blackness and crookedness of a year of selfish or dishonest getting. This is a cheap age, and the spirit of cheapness stops not short of sacred things. A five dollar bill, often less, is expected to atone for the grabbing and grasping of a twelve months, and with a sense of wonderful benevolence and unselfishness, it is flipped upon the collection plate, and the donor after joining in the anthem of "Peace on earth, and good will towards men," goes back to his Christmas dinner with the feeling that he has done a wonderfully generous act. It is a good thing to give, it is a pity more do not give,

but if some men were to follow the example of Zaccheus at this time of the year, in restoring fourfold that which they "have taken by false accusation," what a Merry Christmas it would be.

Those who are afraid of the possibility of **A GOOD RECIPE** growing wealthy will find in Proverbs xxi: 17, a good recipe for the prevention of accumulation. "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich." Now mark it is not he that taketh pleasure that shall be poor. Many people seem so afraid of taking a little relaxation that they keep their noses on the grindstone from January 1st to December 31st, and despise those who observe the seasons and take a proper vacation. There are some people, however, who are continually pandering to their love of pleasure or self-indulgence. It is the love of money that is the root of all evil, not money itself; it is the love of that which ministers to the lower animal nature which demoralizes a man and unfits him for higher, nobler living. The man whose mind is absorbed in the gratification of his senses, soon loses appreciation of all other things. Life's duties and obligations take a secondary position and are only considered when absolute necessity demands. It is fatal to a young man's prospects when he gets the idea that life consists in the amount of amusement and pleasure he can sandwich in between the hour for quitting and beginning work. A gentleman who occupies a prominent position in one of the largest establishments in Chicago to-day attributes his success to a little lesson received from his employer shortly after he entered the establishment. The head of the concern was in the habit of giving each employee at Christmas, instead of money,

an order for a suit of clothes and the young clerk received his order with the others. He had just invested in a very nice outfit and was rather nonplussed as to what he should do with the order when it struck him that he required a dress suit. The order called for a "suit of clothes," and as the employer was very wealthy he thought he might stretch it to the utmost limit and order a first-class dress suit. He did so and the bill was sent into the establishment for \$80. Shortly afterwards the young man was called into his employer's private office and asked if the amount represented his order. Explanations followed and the merchant said: "I shall honor the faith you have put in my order and pay this bill, but I want to say to you as a young man that I never owned a suit of clothes that cost as much as those you have purchased in my name, and that if I had put that much money into apparel when I was your age, I never would have been where I am to-day, good morning!" The young man had enough brains fortunately, to appreciate the point, and it was the last piece of personal extravagance of which he was guilty. It was the making of him, and his career from that time forth was upwards.

**GOOD WILL
TOWARD MEN**

Christianity as a system of ethics alone has done much to lift mankind upon a higher social as well as moral plane. The brotherhood of man that was once an Utopian dream is very near a practical realization to-day. The sentiment at least holds sway over the most powerful and intelligent of the nations. The Ishmaelitish doctrine is on the wane, and to-day mankind are closer to each other in sympathies and aims than ever before. But note the true sentiment of the angels' song, "Peace on earth to

men of gentle will." There can never be real concord between truth and error, right and wrong, honesty and crime. Christ and Belial. "Peace to men of gentle will." May the increase of that peace have no end, and find its consummation in that reign of peace in which the sword shall be turned into the ploughshare, and spears into pruning hooks.

AVOID FADS All the lunatics are not in the insane asylum. There are people outside crazier than some of those that are under restraint. It has been said that everyone is a little "off" on some point, and it is only a question of acuteness of the malady that keeps our public institutions from being crowded to their utmost capacity. This seems to be an age of fads, and people are running about with all kind of bugs in their heads, from eating sawdust down to going barefoot for health. One has only to look at the multiplication of religious sects, and consider some of the ridiculous tenets and claims put forth to realize the riot to which human thought has come. The hunt for "something" new has a great fascination for many people who run after every new thing in business, science and religion. It was this feature that roused an old Kentuckian recently, who having picked up a paper read a long list of cures effected by the use of water. Throwing the paper aside with a gesture of disgust he said, "Next thing some fool will come along and advocate water for a beverage." In this tiresome fad business we are liable to lose sight of some of the old verities of life. The man who starts chasing up these fads is on dangerous ground. Thousands of men have been ruined by listening to the enticing sophistries of those who are charmed with the sound of their own voices. Not one

in a thousand of those who follow fads ever amounts to shucks. Nearly four thousand years ago the warning was sounded, "He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread ; but he that followeth after vain pursuits shall have poverty enough."

**GOOD
SPRINTERS**

World records are broken when conscience gets after a man. The distance a guilty man will put behind him when he thinks the avenging Nemesis is on his track is downright astonishing. Men have been known to run clear to Mexico without stopping because somebody looked at them in a way that seemed to reveal a knowledge of their secret crimes. A preacher who addressed a colored audience the other day had a good time until he incidentally mentioned chickens, when even the deacons began to look around at the door and shuffle their feet uneasily. The same restlessness may be noticed in almost any congregation when the preacher begins to get a little close to common failings. Solomon realized this. You have only to load up with a good dose of moral buckshot and fire pointblank and the birds begin to drop. It is like the old farmer who went out with his grandson squirrel hunting. The old gentleman's business was to shake the tree and the boy did the firing. After several ineffectual shots the old man asked a show at the gun, and with the remark that he "couldn't hit anything," the boy handed it to him. A squirrel was soon sighted and the old gentleman raised the weapon in his palsied hands and fired almost before taking aim. "I knew I would git him," said the old chap delightedly. "Of course you would," sneered the lad, "anyone who aimed all over the tree like you did would be sure to hit something." Truly "the wicked flee when no man pursueth."

JOB LOTS

There are "job lots" in men as well as goods. There are some that could be bunched and sold dirt cheap in the moral market if a buyer could only be found. Business these days seems to encourage the spread of crookedness and meanness, and retard the development of manly, open, straightforward ways. Instead of figuring upon making a profit upon goods, men seem to be now bent upon planning how they can "skin" their creditors. It is worked down to a science, and the one who can make the cleverest steal, congratulates himself upon his ability. One of this class said the other day when twitted in connection with a recent deal: "By —, when I do a thing I do it up slick." The shame of it all is that wholesale merchants are beginning to look upon this kind of thing as part of the game. Nevertheless, says the preacher, "Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not go unpunished." The day of reckoning will come.

**NOT THE ONLY
THING**

Selfishness is innate in humanity, and every little circumstance brings it out. Sometimes it is a feast to Russian peasants, sometimes a frantic rush to uninhabitable regions where gold dust atones for the dearth of sunbeams. The sin of the race is greed—greed of gain, greed of pleasure, greed of fame. There is no reason why men should not honorably strive for success, but where everything is thrown aside in the race, and it becomes a mad stampede for first place, it brings men to the level of brutes. There are plenty of men who are as bent upon their own selfish purposes and aims as the hog, who gets in body and bones into the trough. The man who can corner the market, squeeze the most out

of his unfortunate fellows, wring the most gain out of his creditors or employees, is the successful man. But there is a wealth beyond riches and a name that is better than fame. It was this thought that led the wise man to say "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding." True wisdom makes a right use of the things of life, right understanding puts a man in accord with his fellows.

**WRETCHED
PARVENUS**

Of all the sights that make "angels weep" and decent men sick, the fellow who has made a little money and proceeds to enjoy the rights and prerogatives he considers it brings is the most common. Men who have neither brains, heart nor good looks enough to give them a place of distinction amongst their fellows link themselves to a good fat purse and make their "debut" into "sassiety." The purse gives an "at home" or a dinner and the owner invites "sassiety" to partake, and they partake of the purse's hospitality and the purse is invited to a return match. The "sassiety" paper gives extended accounts of the Smith-Brown affair with full description of the shoe strings and hair pins of those who attended, with a glowing tribute to the purse that provided the show. If you want to make your mark in society, young man, get a little money, no matter how it may be, by making of fake sausages or selling distilled damnation. Get into "sassiety," lisp like the simpering idiots that wear claw hammer coats and patent leather shoes at receptions, and you will find your name in print. "A man's money maketh room for him and bringeth him before great men."

GET A WIG-
GLE ON

There are a lot of people in this world that seem like the dog that used to lean against the fence to bark—born tired. Motion is as foreign to them as a steeplechase to an elephant. If they are in the race at all they manage to be at the tail end. They never think of doing anything until the time for action is past and somebody else has reaped the benefit that always accrues when a man's heels follow his thoughts. Slower than molasses in January, these people give an indescribable pain to those who have anything to do with them or their affairs. One feels like giving them a thump in the back of the neck or otherwise assisting their thoughts and members to more concerted and rapid action. Laziness of either mind or body is a fatal disease. A man in this age must step a lively pace if he expects to have a fighting chance, even. Get up and dust. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

IGNORANT
BLISS

The fool who originated the saying, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," did not evidently realize the immense amount of evil this doctrine is capable of working amongst those who blindly accept its dangerous sophistry. Every laggard in search of a refuge for laziness and lack of ambition finds shelter beneath a fallacy that has sent many a man to disaster. There is no excuse for ignorance where knowledge is accessible. The man who sits down and seeks relief from the responsibilities of life in the laconical statement that he is not accountable for what he does not know, and does not take the trouble to learn what he ought to know, is a moral loafer who is not far removed from the common street "bum." Says the wise man, "The prudent man looketh

well to his going." He might have put it the "honest" man, for the merchant who lets his business drift into hopeless insolvency through neglect to take stock or exercise other necessary precautions to keep himself informed as to his business progress is worse than imprudent, he is a thief.

When a man gets restive under truth it
THE HIT DOG is a pretty good sign that some of it is
HOWLS getting under his hide. We heard of a party the other day who went to a preacher and told him he was creating suspicion and distrust between the men of his congregation and their wives by his pointed remarks on the social evil, and at the very time this old villain was keeping a mistress at a down-town hotel. You can always tell which one is hit when you throw a stone into a crowd of dogs. Honest men do not squirm when thieves are called by their right name, nor decent people become scandalized when swindlers are taken by the throat and brought to taw. If you are hit get under the barn and say nothing, and take the first opportunity to quit.

A story comes from down South to the
KEEP YOUR effect that an over-inquisitive man passing
NOSE OUT behind a circus tent noticed a projection against the canvas, and put forth his hand to feel it. It was a mule, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Deceased came to his death by prying into what did not concern him." There are a great many people who can't keep their noses out of their neighbors' business. No amount of expostulating or warning seems to have any effect upon these harpies, from whom nothing from the merest trifle to the weightiest business matter is sacred. They can tell you more about your own busi-

ness than you know yourself, and are always ready to let you know all the neighbors think and say about you and your business. The wise man will find in his own affairs enough to engross his attention without tendering his neighbor unsolicited advice. If your friend is wise he does not need it. If he is a fool he won't follow it. The man who minds his own business is respected in the community, but as Solomon says, "Every fool will be meddling."

**WATCH YOUR
MOUTH**

Shakespeare exclaims: "O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" Some men however do not wait for the enemy to steal their brains, but allow an open door to do the work. If you let some people talk they will tell you all they know in less than five minutes. Nature usually balances itself. The man with lethargic mental faculties usually makes up the inaction by vigorous wagging of the jaw. An amusing incident is related of how a prominent man rebuked a shallow fellow who disturbed a company by his clatter. It was at a banquet tendered to the gentleman who administered the rebuke, and the offender had, by the way, let in the enemy referred to by Shakespeare. His interruptions were a constant source of annoyance to speakers and listeners, when the guest of the evening asked permission to tell a little story. Said he: "The wife of a friend of mine is the possessor of a very fine parrot that has learned to talk very fluently. The other day my friend brought home a valuable dog and made him one of the household. A morning or two afterwards both parrot and dog were left in the breakfast room together, the former perched on the top of the door and the latter basking before the fireplace. Poll began to screech "sic

him Tige, sic him Tige,' and the dog thus aroused pricked up his ears and looked for something to 'sic.' Finding it a false alarm he betook himself once more to his meditations by the hearth. The parrot meanwhile had descended from her perch and was waddling about the room. 'Sic him Tige, sic him Tige!' she again screeched, and the canine seeing something to 'sic' on this occasion went at it with a vengeance. Polly got away and took refuge again on the top of the door. She was straightening the remainder of her plumage and looking woefully at the scattered feathers on the floor when her mistress entered the room. "Why, Polly, what ever is the matter? What have you been doing?" queried the astonished old lady. 'I guess I know what's the matter with me,' croaked Polly; 'I talk too much.'" The story had the desired effect and the interruptions ceased. It is a pity that more of the human chatterers do not realize their failing. There is quite a class of people who are not brainless by any means, but who continually find themselves saying more than they should. It is an unfortunate failing and should be diligently guarded against. It is better in all cases to be cautious in speech. There are occasions when it is necessary to speak your mind freely, but there are others when it is wise to keep your thoughts to yourself. Solomon says: "A fool uttereth all his mind."

SAY IT Don't be afraid of surfeiting the world with kindness. Kind words cost little, and often shape destiny. Many a boy has been driven to evil companionship by the coldness of those at home. Many parents seem to think praise a weakness to be avoided, and though at heart interested in the progress of their children, seldom express their

approval. There is a saying that ministers' sons turn out badly, and there is some philosophy as well as truth in the statement. It is possible for people to be so interested in the welfare of others as to neglect the interests of those nearest to them. A case in point comes to mind of a family, the head of which was a prominent man in the church and superintendent of the Sabbath school. He was foremost in every good work, and was scrupulous in regard to family prayers, and the careful observance of the decalogue by his family. While the children were of an age to feel the force of parental control, they were compelled to be present promptly at church, Sabbath school and even at class-meeting. As a matter of example and teaching, there was nothing to be desired. During all this time, however, the boys were brought up at arm's length, and never knew what mutual confidence and sympathy between parent and child meant. When the time came for the exercise of a personal choice every one of them turned his back on the church and sought companionship with those whose thoughts were upon other things. They have with one exception become drunkards and profligates, and many good people shake their heads and sigh about Providence and the like. Let us not be hasty in judging, yet can we not say that thousands of boys are given an impetus towards ruin, not by lack of interest in their welfare, but because their starched-up fathers button themselves up in their dignity, and refuse them the loving confidence that is so necessary to the strengthening of their character. The boy will not stray far who can tell his father his mind as freely as to his bosom friend. The wise man says: "My son, if thine heart be wise, my heart shall rejoice even mine; yea my reins shall rejoice when thy lips speak right things."

IT APPLIES
HERE TOO

The same thought applies to business. It is a mistake to think the best results are got from employees by constant kicking.

Some men seem to run their establishments on the principle that the sharper they are with those about them the more they will get out of them. When anything occurs worthy of praise, they put it against previous faults and consider accounts squared and the necessity for praise thus obviated. Some merchants are as afraid of spoiling clerks with praise, as fathers their sons, and seldom, therefore, recognize merit. It is a woeful mistake, and no one who knows anything of human nature and who is looking for good results from his help will make it. There is nothing like oil for killing friction and preventing loss of power; there is nothing like a pleasant word or an encouraging remark to bring out the best there is in man or woman, boy or girl. Of course there are people in this world on whom kindness is lost, but they are so scarce that they need to be considered in a class by themselves. "As face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man."

DON'T GO CHAS-
ING TROUBLE

The Book says: "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards," nevertheless there are people who are always on the

hunt for more than their allotted share. A man has not to go far nor hunt long to bag plenty, and that is probably what makes the game so popular. You can get all you want across the back fence with your neighbor, or, if you are more fastidious, you can run up against enough to satisfy the most ambitious along this line in a church meeting. Those pugs who go about trailing their coat-tails on the ground and flourishing a shillalah in the air, whether in an Irish fair, a town

council or a Methodist conference are the despair of those to whom life means something more than a continuous round of physical, intellectual or spiritual conflict. The kicker is a useful member of society until his kicking becomes captious, narrow or personal, when he loses the sympathy of right-thinking people. There are some people who would rather fight than eat. They prefer a business row any time to business success, and would rather stand up to a religious controversy than sit down with their neighbors at the Lord's Supper. This is a spirit fatal to everything that goes to make a man full, true and round in character. It takes infinitely less ability to find fault than to find worth in anything. The merest fool can make more mischief in a minute than seven wise men can undo in a lifetime. The Wise Man says: "He that searcheth after mischief, it shall come unto him," and it does. Just look around you, and note the fate of the quarrelsome men that you have known. There is a man who owned one of the largest wholesale establishments in this city, but who quarrelled with everybody, from his creditors to his family, and is now in the street. There is another who owned a farm of a couple of hundred acres who "lawed" everybody in reach of him, and is now sawing wood for a living. Don't go hunting for trouble. You will get enough laid at your door every morning.

Some people don't know the difference between meekness and weakness. A meek man is not an ass who lets everybody saddle and ride him, nor a door mat that lets every clod-hopper wipe his boots on him. The creeping, wobbling weakling that adapts his posture to every new surrounding is not a meek man but a weak man. A

meek man has backbone enough to keep his head up, and yet of such flexibility as to allow him to get through an ordinary doorway. No one admires the aggressive nuisance who disturbs and annoys everybody and everything with which he comes in contact, but we have no patience with the simpleton who has no opinions or convictions of his own, and who hasn't enough self-assertion to wipe his nose without asking somebody's leave. Don't go around apologizing for being on the earth. If you are a man that is enough. Stand out for the treatment a man should receive and get it. Beware of being made a tool of by those who will traffic in your innocence or softness if they get the least chance. Remember "the simple believeth every word, but the prudent man looketh well to his going." This does not mean that you should be suspicious of everybody, but keep your weather eye open. Don't be fooled with sugar sticks or fox talk. Be meek in the sense of being above giving or receiving wrong, but beware of being weak. There is all the difference in the world between the two.

APOLOGIZERS FOR SIN

If we were to believe our eyes and ears these days there is no such thing in this world as sin and no such person as the Devil. Evil is so disguised in the garb of sweet innocence or bedizened in the apparel of conventionality that its hideous form scarce obtrudes itself upon our vision. But it suits some people to believe that falsehood is truth and crime virtue, and they seem to succeed in convincing themselves by miserable platitude and specious argument. So false statements to creditors, lying to customers, and deception between clerks and employers are characterized as amongst the "exigencies" of business, and referred to flippantly as the "white lies"

of trade. The steals and unjust advantages taken in business deals are called commercial shrewdness, and a successful assignment with a "nest egg" saved from the wreck is considered a good "stroke" of financing. Adultery goes by the name of "having a good time" or living at a fast pace, or if the conscience of the adulterer is tenderer than usual, divorce gives him ease. The greater the sin the more chance there seems to be for giving it some gloss that will remove its obnoxiousness. But sin is sin, and as sure as it is sin it will find its author out. "For who can make straight that which he hath made crooked?"

DEAD FLIES

How many good things are spoiled by little inconsistencies. How many a reputation has been shattered by a single foolish, thoughtless act, and how often has influence been destroyed by a single departure from the straight line? There are men who are sound in many respects but whose obliqueness in others destroys the force of their good qualities. "Now Naaman, captain of the host of the King of Syria, was a great man with his master and honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria; he was also a mighty man in valor, but he was a leper." What a fine description spoiled by a fatal "but." John Smith is a good business man, orders largely, pays promptly, but he is tricky. Henry Jones is a good fellow, treats travellers well, buys liberally, but he needs watching. William Brown is councilman in the town, warden in the church, foremost in business enterprise, but he is a confirmed liar. Now ointment is a wholesome, healing thing, but the little taint of corruption caused by the dead fly makes it noxious, disgusting, deadly. So with charac-

ter. The man who has some deadly fault is all the more to be shunned if he be otherwise attractive. One of the most gentlemanly, courteous and pleasant citizens of a certain town not a thousand miles away was apprehended the other day for an unmentionable abominable vice. "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor ; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

There are people who dream away a whole life in air castles. If they had the chances their neighbors have had, they would be rich according to their story. With expectations of corner lots, lucky deals and impossible legacies, they fritter away their day of opportunity. The verdure of distant fields frequently enamors and away they go to make fresh trials of their "luck." The rolling stone, however, gathers no moss, and the new sphere is as unproductive as the old. The world is full of men who forever dwell upon the "sweet-bye-and-bye," instead of giving the sweet now and now their undivided painstaking attention. Once in a long time a dreamer makes a hit, but it is the exception rather than the rule. The man who fills the sphere he is in will find it broaden or other larger spheres open for his developing capacity. Truly saith the wise man, "Better is the sight of the eyes than the wandering of the desire."

TAKE YOUR MEDICINE

It takes a pretty solid man to stand hearing the truth about himself. We will always find more people ready to flatter us than to rebuke us to our face, no matter what the conditions may be behind our backs. A penitent came to a preacher the other day, confessing how bad she

was, and when the good man acknowledged that he knew all about her, she flared up and told him she was no worse than plenty of other people she knew. Some men owe their whole success in life to the candid wholesome talk of some friend who thought enough of them to talk a little plainly to their face. It is pretty tough medicine to hear one's faults and failings from another, but if taken patiently and assimilated it is a most healthful tonic. Some men fortunately or unfortunately never suffer from a lack of this kind of medicine at home, and there are candid friends like Job's comforters who keep a stock of it on hand for every occasion. But the loving, tender correction of one interested in our welfare should always prove if not grateful at least beneficial. "It is better to hear the rebuke of the wise than for a man to hear the song of fools."

Solomon says, "Keep thy heart with all
KEEP SWEET diligence, for out of it are the issues of
life." Plenty of men can keep their
mouths and restrain the expression that their lips would
sometimes give to the frowardness of their secret
thoughts. Many seem to be able to compel their minds
to follow certain channels, and so discipline them as to
keep them employed in the particular direction they
choose. How few, however, give heed to the controlling
of their deeper self, which is the mainspring of thought,
word and act. The secret of keeping sweet is little
understood, or at all events little practised. There are,
however, some who seem to have brought the art to
some degree of perfection. We all know people whose
presence to us is a calm, peaceful influence which banishes
unrest, distrust and evil as with a magic spell. A
man thus poised is fit for any position in life. At the

bottom of such a condition of heart must be personal truth, charity for others, and a desire to do good unto all men. A man may never be great in the generally accepted sense of the term, but anyone can be sweet—wholesome.

**LOW MINDED
BLACKGUARDS** When you hear a man impugning the honor of all the rest of his fellows, shift your pocketbook to a safe place. When you find a man claiming that chastity is a name only, and that virtue is an unknown quantity in women, give the leprous creature a wide berth. "Honi soit qui maly pense"; "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," is the scripture translation of this old French proverb. It is the scoundrel always who desires to see everything brought to his own dead level, that cynically sneers at good and sniffs at purity. It is the polluted rotten heart that scents carrion in every other life. The pure hearted and true find everywhere wholesomeness and truth; the honorable and just find plenty of probity and righteousness even in this world. My friend, condemn not thine own self by the estimate thou putttest upon the worth of thy fellows.

**AN EGREGIOUS
ASS** The man who thinks he knows it all is a fool, who shuts the door of success against himself. The man who is satisfied with himself, and who concludes he has nothing more to learn from his fellows, may look at himself in the glass and say with Balaam's faithful servitor: "Am I not thine ass?" When a man acknowledges himself a learner, only then is he in the path of true greatness, no matter what his sphere. "Be not wise in thine own eyes," is the suggestion of a man who was the wisest not only of his times but of all times. The surest way

to wisdom in the sight of others is a consciousness of personal insufficiency. There are plenty of people whom if you could only buy at their real worth in wisdom and sell them for the estimate they put on themselves, you would not need to go to the Yukon to get wealth.

**THE MONEY
HOG**

There can be some allowance made for the glutton and even for the drunkard, but the miser or money hog stands condemned of all men. There are some men whom a single piece of gold will blind to all considerations of friendship, duty, love, and even honor. The prospect of gain far less than the thirty pieces for which Judas sold his Master will bring into the opposite side of the scale body and soul of the wretched slave to Mammon. Beware of this greed of gain, which saps the vitals of true manhood, and brings that which is made in the image of the Creator himself down to a hideous, distorted caricature that is doubtless an astonishment to lost spirits as well as to seraphs. As Solomon says: "It taketh away the life of the owners thereof." The spirit of covetousness is fatal to all but mere animal existence, and even that must be shortened considerably, as we frequently find men that are "too mean to live." It is a wonder how some of these mosquito-souled things do allow themselves to exist.

**SHAKE
THEM**

Nine out of ten men simply drift into an evil life. The jail and gallows are pathetic in their witness to the fact that the round-up of sin is as often unanticipated as it is tragic. Every day the blessedness of the man "who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the

scornful" is endorsed by a world which, whether it cares for the moralizing of the psalmist or the warnings of the Wise Man, thoroughly allows the destructive influence of evil associates. "Show me your company, and I will tell you what you are" is not a proverb of Solomon, but is none the less apt. A man who lives in a moral morass can't escape the plague. A man who associates with fast, lewd, unprincipled companions can't be moral and upright any more than an oak tree can thrive in a swamp. Young man, if you have commenced to run with those who scoff at virtue, mock at sin, and who think a John Collins, a game of draw poker or a house of prostitution is the acme of manhood, shake your company. "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain. Escape lest thou be consumed." "For the end thereof is the ways of death."

HOW IS YOUR SPINE ? One of the glories of the species is the backbone, which enables man to stand erect amongst other created beings. The Wise Man says: "God made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." One of the first improvements recorded in the patent office of the race was an adjustable spine which enabled the first pair to accommodate their own desires and the Creator's commands to the wiles of the Devil. It was of further use in enabling them to make a first-class wiggle in their attempts to crawl out of the situation into which their spinelessness precipitated them. Ever since man has been crawling. The excuse: "The woman tempted me, and I did eat" has descended from father to son until to-day the red-nosed toper, the abandoned libertine and the red-handed murderer offer the same apology—"I was tempted." The remedy against an evil life lies largely

in man himself: "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Have backbone, young man, to say no to sin even when dressed in its most attractive garb. It is the consent that does the whole business. All the devils on earth and in hell can't make a man herd with blacklegs and cut-throats unless he wants to frequent their haunts. Don't snivel about being led astray; get up, and let people see you won't be led by the nose. "Consent thou not."

TALK! TALK!
TALK!

The world is full of people who like to hear themselves talk. The number of those who have the faculty of setting their mouths going, and walking off and leaving them, is on the increase. We heard a sermon the other day in which a flashy preacher used a Bible text as a background for what was nothing more than a display of oratorical pyrotechnics. He formally announced his text, and then said goodbye to it until the close of his discourse, which was remarkable for the absence of anything bearing upon the thought it was presumed to suggest. It reminded us of the story of the old colored man and his 'possum. The old fellow, like Esau, was fond of his savory dish, and, having bagged his 'possum and skinned him, proceeded to roast him on a spit before the fire. While thus awaiting his repast, with plate and knife and fork on his knee, he fell fast asleep. A youthful "coon" from a neighboring cabin, happening along, the aroma of the sizzling 'possum smote his olfactory nerves, and he took occasion to peep in at the door. There he saw the old fellow in his armchair, with his chin on his breast, fast in the embrace of Morpheus, with the 'possum done to a turn in front of him. The temptation was more than the colored lad's

principles could stand, and he stealthily entered and appropriated the old fellow's dinner. After the bones had been thoroughly picked, a bright thought struck the conscienceless young thief, and he crept back and put the remnants of the feast on the old man's plate, and took occasion to drop a little of the surplus fat on his beard. He withdrew, and through the window awaited the result with a grin that extended across his whole countenance. Old Uncle Abe awoke; and as the odor of the 'possum made itself apparent, he smiled expectantly, and said: "Spec dat possum's about done." A glance at the empty spit and the bones on his plate struck him dumb for a moment. He put his head on one side and then on the other, and scratched it again and again as he said to himself: "'Pears mighty like I'd done eat dat 'possum, but I don't recklect nothin' about it." Then he would lapse into further thoughtfulness. He couldn't make it out at all; but at last said, with a heavy sigh and a wistful look at the bones: "Guess I done eat him for shuah, but dat was the most unfillingest 'possum ever I eat." There are occasions when one feels very much like Uncle Abe.

**YOU CAN'T
DO IT**

We have in mind a man who made a phenomenal success of his business a few years ago. From a comparatively small beginning he attained prosperity and wealth. Then came a change in the tide of his affairs. It was not losses; it was not whiskey; it was not generosity that slowly but surely sapped the foundation of his business and social success. He simply undertook to "keep" a woman. He had a home of his own, to be sure; but what was the use of money, if it did not enable him to fly as high as some of the other birds of plumage to companionship

with whom he aspired ! It was the old story—a blighted home, a crippled business, and the collapse that is inevitable when a man gives himself over to the control of his baser nature. There is only one end to a life of this kind. The game is usually called with the player broken morally, financially and physically. There are men reading this paragraph who know better than anyone can tell them the tragedy of the “strange woman.” Young man, “remove thy way far from her, and come not near the door of her house.” When some fool whose feet are already in the net prates to you about seeing life, turn your back upon him. Avoid the door of the house that is “full of dead men’s bones.”

**TOO MUCH
FOR THEM**

Prince Bismarck used to say there was nothing he dreaded more than being left alone. It recalls the story of the blacksmith shop in a certain village where a religious service was conducted on the Sabbath for want of a better edifice. The old blacksmith thinking to please the preacher got out his waggon paint and executed in brilliant red : “The Gospel dully preached here.” Those who were in a position to criticize the spelling, had of course a good laugh at the expense of the preacher as well as the blacksmith. An Englishman, however, happened along one day and adjusting his eyeglass scanned the announcement. Turning to a bystander he drawled, “Bah Jove ’e’s got a h-ell too many hin it.” So it doubtless happens that as sermons often have a hell too many for a certain class of hearers, some of the “shots” are a little too warm for people who are not walking the narrow way of business integrity. When a blackleg claps you on the back and calls you a good fellow, get away into some quiet place, take a good square look at yourself

and ask yourself if you are the man you ought to be. When you find yourself the target for either the buffoonery or malice of wicked men rejoice. "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you," said the Man of Nazareth. When you find a man who has no enemies, invariably you find one of these dear little fellows equipped with an india rubber spine that can be adjusted to any angle required by the strength of the wind. Saith the wise man: "It is better to hear the rebuke of the wise, than for a man to hear the song of fools."

**DON'T BE A
CAD**

There is no possible excuse for a man being ungentlemanly. Because some ignorant cad says or does a mean low thing, it is no reason why you should follow him. Unfortunately there are men who do not know what courtesy means, and a well-intentioned man is often provoked into retaliation. Don't do it. Keep your self-respect. Take a stand, but never lose sight of the fact that you are a gentleman. Don't be a cad. The following out of this principle has not only helped many men to be strong in the esteem of their fellows, but it has been the very basis of success in life. It is a hard thing sometimes to repress the tendency to put our thoughts in strong language, but it is always a consolation to a true man to realize his power of self-control. "He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding; but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly."

**ARE YOU A
WHINER?**

There are a lot of people about who are continually whining about their circumstances. Nothing ever goes right with them, and nothing that is done for them will please them. According to their own story they are "hoo-

doed" and everybody gets to believe they are, and leaves them severely alone. A beggar boy knocked at a back door the other day early in the morning, seeking something to eat, and whined that he "hadn't had anything since yesterday, and tomorrow would be the third day." There are a lot like him. There are not many people as grateful for small mercies as the Irishman, who on the way home the other night ventured to ask a pedestrian the time. The latter, taking him for a footpad, promptly lifted his stick and knocked him down, remarking: "It's one o'clock, and that's how I strike one!" After the stranger passed, the son of Erin rose to his feet, and, rubbing his pate, said: "Bedad, ain't I in luck that I didn't meet him an hour ago!" There is always plenty to be grateful for no matter what the surroundings, if we will only stop and think.

**DON'T
CACKLE**

Some people when they have a little trouble or misunderstanding with a neighbor run fussing around like a wet hen until everyone in the whole country side is awake to their tale of woe. These people with a grievance are more weariness to the flesh than a bucksaw in the dog days. In nine cases out of ten if they would go to the neighbor at first like men, the difficulty might be straightened out in a few minutes, but they seem to prefer to perambulate their woes around until what at first was perhaps but a little molehill becomes a shadowy mountain. The world is heart weary of these trouble hucksters, and if their brains were as big as their mouths, would either go and settle their difficulties with those they concern, or tell their troubles to a policeman. If you have anything against a neighbor, or especially against a friend, go like a man and

have it out with him first, even if it costs a little expenditure of dignity. "Debate thy cause with thy neighbor himself; and discover not thy secret to another."

PUT THIS
DOWN

There are some people who think it is smart to take advantage of the innocence or generosity of others. The case of the young man comes to mind, who through the kindness of a friend was lifted from a position of destitution almost, and given steady employment. He betrayed the friend's confidence, robbed him and injured his business to an extent that represented much more than his stealings. He escaped the penitentiary through the leniency of his injured friend, but although years have passed, nothing that he has touched has prospered. Young man remember it—a distinct curse is upon the man who betrays friendship, and returns kindness with ingratitude. It is written, "Whoso rewardeth evil for good, evil shall not depart from his house." Pause before you sow seed that is going to produce a harvest of the kind indicated by the wise man. When the next "easy mark" for your meanness and perfidy comes along, ponder.

KEEP
MUM

Many people would get along well in the world if they only knew enough to keep their tongues still. With some the habit of talking is the result of thoughtlessness, while with others it emanates from a mean and vicious heart. Then there are the "Tom Blunts" who take a pride in saying "just what they think," and when they have crushed some poor sensitive soul with the iron heel of their "opinions," they think they have done something worth bragging about. No wonder one of the Scripture writers calls the tongue "a fire, a world of iniquity, an

unruly evil full of deadly poison." Happy the man who has his tongue well in hand. By far the greatest mischief comes through the thoughtless use of the tongue. Some empty headed fool drops an inuendo about a business man's reputation or some woman's character, that sends one to disaster and ruin, and the other perhaps to worse. Some old harpy repeats a gossip's yarn, adds a little to help it along, and life-long friends are separated, and whole families ruptured. Some people seem to be like a pitcher which is all mouth—they can't help spilling if they try. Men should cultivate the habit of saying as little as possible about their neighbors. Says Solomon, "Curse not the rich in thy bedchamber ; for a bird of the air shall carry the curse and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

GIVING AS A VICE

There is a lot of giving that must make even devils blush. Some old screw has raked together a heap of shekels that represent the unjust gain of a business life of squeezing, lying and dishonesty that would send him to penitentiary if the indictment could only be proven in a court of law, seeks to square his record by disgorging a few thousand dollars to endow charitable institutions or establish public benefactors. Some successful manufacturer who owes all he possesses to the wide margin between the starvation wages he pays his employees and the prices he secures for his product by unrighteous combination with other capitalists, seeks to even things up by distributing a few slices of his vast profits here and there amongst educational, religious and charitable institutions in such a way, however, as to ensure his name and business being thoroughly advertised and forthwith his liberality is heralded throughout the length and

STRAY SHOTS.

breadth of the land. It has become so popular to give these days that men steal the money to distribute these so-called benevolences. Is it any wonder that the Man of Nazareth said as he saw the widow drop her "two mites" into the box beside the loud jingling contributions of the rich Pharisees, "Of a truth I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all"? The mathematics of heaven ignore the principles that govern finite calculation. In the equation of eternity motive outweighs all other known or unknown quantities. Loud-mouthed giving will find its true worth.

CAN'T HOOD- WINK HIM

There is on record a saying which if not from the lips of the wise man is almost contemporaneous with him. "For the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh upon the heart." You can fool the people into believing that you are a fine fellow and can make even your wife think you are "all wool and a yard wide," but when you come to reckon with the Almighty your "princely givings" will avail as little as your bland smile and honied words to balance the account of unjust dealings and secret sins. How many men, who have thought to buy the favor of God and make atonement with man in their last hour with the accumulation of their lives, have found the gold melt into fiery symbols that blazoned condemnation upon their very souls. If you have anything to give, first be sure that it is yours to give, then give out of a full heart and don't let your full heart tell all it knows. The man who is his own executor in the matter of giving has solved the problem of successful and luxurious giving. These thoughts on giving are all the more apropos in consideration of the season. If a dollar to a

poor soul, who has no expectation of Christmas joys, represents the extent of your possibilities in bringing brightness into sad hearts at this time of the year, give it with the heart of a prince. Do yourself justice whatever you do. Don't put a ten dollar bill on the plate that represents about a cent's worth of good will toward men and nine dollars and ninety-nine cents of which has been squeezed out of some poor wretch that is spending a cheerless Christmas through your greed.

**ON YOUR
TRACK**

The thought of retributive justice has been a potent influence in the thought of all ages. Nemesis is as old as Cain. The realization that every breach of law must be followed sooner or later by the inevitable penalty is common to Greek and barbarian. Saith the Hebrew sage: "The ways of a man are before the eyes of the Lord," and again, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." You may think to escape the responsibility and outcome of your wrongdoing; but as sure as there is a law of gravitation, your sin will one day find you out. That crooked deal, that barefaced lie, that shameful act that you think is known to no one but yourself, and perhaps one other, will track you to your fancied security and bring you to judgment. The Nemesis is on your track, young man. Don't you think you can play fast and loose with moral any more than physical law.

**BEWARE OF
YOURSELF**

The Pharisee's prayer was all right up to a certain point. Every decent man has cause to "thank God" that he is "not as other men." When the sentiment is uttered in swaggering self-righteousness it can only provoke pity or contempt. Men who to-day are in the gutter have

doubtless gathered their skirts together and uttered the same vain thanksgiving. Every man who knows himself and knows human history recognizes the nearness of failure to success, poverty to plenty, crime to probity, heaven to hell. It is said that Danton, one of the bloody triumvirate, that conducted the carnival of murder known as the French Revolution, once resigned his position as judge rather than condemn a murderer to the guillotine, though the latter had been proven guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt. Awful record of the possibilities of the human heart repeated again and again in history and being re-enacted every day in the tragedy of life. Has it a counterpart in your life who read this history? Are you complacently doing things to-day the thought of which a year or two ago would have caused the blush to mantle your brow or the indignant "God forbid!" to rise to your lips. "Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart."

WHAT ARE
YOU?

The world is not so much concerned as to who you are as to what you are. Solomon says, "I have seen servants upon horses and princes walking as servants upon the earth." and he might have added that the former constituted a much less elevating spectacle often than the latter. Of all the asses in this world the man who is always trying to appear "somebody," is the most hopeless. It is said that the celebrated wit, Sydney Smith, had the habit of going up to self-important looking individuals on the street and asking the question very gravely, "Pray, sir, are you anybody in particular?" One feels like asking the same question of many he meets. You can always tell the upstart from the fuss he oc-

casions wherever he happens to inflict himself. In the railroad coach he rows about the seats and in the pullman orders the porter about like old boots and exacts all kinds of attention. At the concert hall and in church he is always suffering from drafts and fusses about the management. The other day one of these self-important individuals was making his presence felt on a street car, when a seedy looking, red-nosed individual gave the whole car the cue to his antecedents by going up to him and saluting him with "Hello, Billy!" When you find an old fellow who is anxious to impress his possession of blue blood upon his acquaintances or neighbors, you can safely put it down that you won't have to go back two generations to find the soap grease cart or the pick. And in nine cases out of ten the cart or the pick were handled by cleaner hands than those that make greater pretensions. If you are worth knowing, people will find it out, and if you are not, no amount of tin horn tooting will help you out.

THE DEVIL'S OWN

The professional agitator may justly lay claim to a "heaven-born" mission. The father of the class was kicked out of Heaven as the leader of an agitation, the most stupendous on record. In transferring his headquarters to this orb, he commenced an agitation in Eden, the results of which are with us to-day not only in their effects upon the race, but in the continued increase of the annual crop of this particular kind of "tater." There are people who can no more keep from stirring up strife than a dog can keep out of a street fight. There are men so constituted that the authority and control "are as vinegar to their teeth" and smoke to their eyes. Like the Irishman, they are "agin the Governmint," whether it

be in Tipperary or in Texas. In business this characteristic finds its exemplification in a course of kicking that embraces everything from the office cat to the patient traveller. They want things different from everybody else, no matter to what inconvenience others may be subjected in order to satisfy them. Nobody does business properly but them, and they are continually agitating for the adoption of their ideas. They have barrels full of grievances on every conceivable subject, and insist on inflicting their tales of woe and bills of complaint upon all whom misfortune throws in their path. In Solomon's time these chronic grumblers and change advocates were in evidence, for he has put on record his estimate of agitators and kickers in the following words: "Meddle not with them that are given to change."

**BE
FORE-HANDED**

There is nothing like being forehanded. A gentleman, falling ill, his Irish servant was dispatched in haste for a physician. After being absent an unusually long time, Pat returned out of breath, but with a satisfied look on his countenance as he informed his mistress: "Oi've seen them all, an' towld them all, an' they're all comin'." She was much puzzled to know his meaning, until presently the medical man called. Immediately at his heels came the clergyman who expressed in hushed accents his sorrow at the serious illness of the master of the house, and putting down his hat and gloves awaited patiently the exit of the doctor in order that he might administer spiritual consolation. He had scarcely got settled when a sudden knock was heard, and a gentleman in black tiptoed in, preceded by his card, announcing himself as the proprietor of a local undertaking establishment. At a loss to understand his mission the lady of the house

was on the point of asking him, when the door bell rang once more and the cemetery sexton was ushered in. A little light began to break as each stated he had been notified by the Irish servant of his presence being desired at the house. On being summoned, Pat was asked by his indignant mistress what he meant by this heartless and senseless procedure and exclaimed in injured tones: "Shure, mum, oi thought oi'd be a bit forehanded loike an' make the wan thrip do." It is not everyone who follows out natural sequences as carefully as Pat; it might be better if more did. Too many wait for the pressure of circumstances to compel them to action that should be undertaken carefully and thoughtfully. They leave everything to the last moment and then make a blind rush at the business on hand. One need not wonder at the failures on every hand when there is so little thinking and planning done. The wonder is how some people succeed at all. Says the wise man: "Prepare thy work without and make it ready for thee in the field; and afterwards build thy house."

ANOTHER PHASE

Another nuisance is the man who is given to change in everything, from his opinions to his hat. You never find either him or his surroundings the same time in succession. One day he is a Grit, and another 'a Tory; one week he is a Methodist, the next a Baptist. He goes from the grocery business to furniture, and from furniture to shoes, and usually winds up in the insurance business, which seems to be the last resort of all those who fail in other lines. From Canada he migrates to Texas and from Texas he goes to California, and the Klondike is seen to number him in its population before he gets done moving. This is the man who changes his

order eleven distinct times before the traveller leaves the store, and then cancels a third of the goods by mail. The man who gets tangled up with this will-o'-the-wisp will lose golden time as well as dollars. These rolling stones not only gather no moss themselves, but rub it off those with whom they come in contact. Meddle not with them.

IT WILL GET
YOU DOWN

"A man is a fool who drinks too much," said a bright fresh looking young travelling salesman on a railway train the other day to a friend as they talked of a mutual acquaintance who had gone to an early grave through intemperance. As the train rolled along forty or fifty miles an hour the wheels seemed to take up the words and echo and re-echo them, "A-man-is-a-fool-who-drinks-too-much — a-fool-a-fool-who-drinks-too-much." As the train rushed madly on the strange refrain seemed to develop into a chorus of maniacal shrieks and diabolical laughter that completely drowned the shrill notes of the locomotive, "A-man-is-a-fool-who-drinks-too-much," and the echo died away into the distant forest as the train slowed up to each succeeding station. Alas ! for the great army of "fools," past and present, some of the cleverest and most gifted of Adam's sons thrown down by the whisky demon. We do not have to go beyond our own country to seek the mighty who have fallen before this great foe of the race. The fools have numbered kings and peasants, learned and ignorant, believer and atheist in their ranks. It is said that Alexander the Great began his second night's carousal with twenty guests at the table. After drinking the health of each guest in succession he called for the Hercules cup and filling it to the brim quaffed it off twice. He fell instantly to the floor and

died a few days later at the age of thirty-eight. Seneca says: "Here then, this hero, unconquered by the toils of prodigious marches, exposed to the dangers of sieges and combats, he is subdued by intemperance." You may scoff, reader, at those who fall beneath the assaults of this ancient foe, but beware! He will yet get you down. For "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

**ADDLE-HEADED
CHUCKLERS**

The smallest potato of the smallest heap in the smallest patch is the mosquito-souled creature who goes about cackling when he sees his enemy in a hole. You can always tell the size of a man when you find him rubbing his hands over the fall of some one against whom he holds spite, or recounting the failings of some poor mortal who has passed to a higher tribunal than human opinion. Tradition is responsible for a story of the Christ, that if not true as to fact is true as to the character of the Man. It is said that he and his disciples were one day entering the Holy City when they espied lying on the roadway before them the body of a dead dog. Nothing could be more repugnant to the orthodox Jew, and consequently every one who passed by spat out and uttered some anathema upon the dog and those who were responsible for his being there. "What an ugly, disgusting brute," said one; "a vile cur," said another; "a veritable pestilence," said a third as he spat on the ground and took the other side of the highway. As He approached the gate the Man of Nazareth turned aside, paused a moment, glanced at the object of the contempt and disgust of the crowd and said gently: "Pearls are not more white than his teeth," and passed on. What a lesson of charity and forbearance for those who gloat

over the misfortunes and faults of others. Deliver us from the contemptible spirit of him who rejoices in the downfall of his fellow whether friend or foe. "Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth; and let not thine heart be glad when he is overthrown."

**HOW IS
YOUR LIVER**

A sanctimonious countenance that would stop an eight-day clock or curdle a bowl of buttermilk is no guarantee of inward piety. If we were to go by appearances, "a new heart and a bad liver" would often be a more appropriate Scripture apothegm than "a clean heart and a right spirit." It is the same in business. There are some men who imagine business sagacity is best evidenced by what they are pleased to call bluntness, but which other people interpret as ill-nature or bad breeding. There is no excuse for a man being ungentlemanly in business except the possession of a diseased liver, and even then, with the departmental store competition of to-day, calomel is so cheap that very little allowance should be made on this score. If one is to believe the reports of travellers, there is quite as much need throughout the country for liver sanitariums as for inebriate asylums.

**BE
STRAIGHT**

If Charles Darwin had only looked in the right direction, he might have found the missing link. There are men in business who trail their manhood in the dust and go on all fours to make a dollar. These are the moral chimpanzees, who chatter about it being impossible to be successful in business and be honest. To cover their own hideous deformities, they spread broadcast this slander upon those who are as far their superiors morally as Adam towered physically, morally and spiritually above the

swinging apes of Eden. Sooner or later the scoundrel who utters sentiments like this will be in the place where he belongs—a cage. This is the kind of doctrine with which the Father of Lies sought to overthrow old Job, and the result was the imperishable record of a man who would die rather than touch the slime of the pit. The grandest sight in the physical universe is a man; but the grandest sight in the physical or moral universe is the man whose eyes “look right on” and whose eyelids “look straight before him.” Be a man.

THEIR FEET
TALK

In this age of talk, one would think the mouth got in enough work without any assistance from the other members, and yet, as Solomon says, there are people who “speak with their feet.” There are men who profess to be able to tell a man’s character from the way he wears out his boots. Evidently the science of scarpology was not altogether unknown in the days of Jerusalem’s magnificence and splendour. There is a sense, however, in which feet talk that is not contemplated by the learned disquisitions of those who profess to be able to tell the size of a man’s pocket-book by the heels of his shoes or the way he treats his wife by the toes of his boots. A man may talk religion till he can’t spit; but if his feet take him into the back entrance of a saloon they will soon outtalk his mouth, and land him on the street. A man may talk down the most talkative traveller that shows him goods; but if his feet lead to the horse ring or the ball game when they should be in his store, they will soon talk down his commercial rating. A man may have a university education and may be able to delight those who call at his store with his conversational powers as well as his gentlemanly manners; but if his

feet tramp the path to the house of the "strange woman" whose steps "take hold on hell," their voice will be heard above his soft accents and courteous words, and the pure and virtuous will learn to shun his presence and the wise creditor his account. To-day, if ever in the history of the world, feet talk. It is not now so often asked of a man how much he has in the bank as where he spends his leisure time. Young man, how do your feet talk? Let me know where your feet take you at night when the store is closed, and I will tell you where you will stand five years from now.

THEY "RUN"
WITH HIM

The reason some men have such a hard time doing right is because they are always "at home" for the Devil. Even he is too much of a gentleman to stay when he is not wanted; and when you find a man walking arm-in-arm with him in business, or entertaining him socially, you may put it down that it is a case of mutual affinity. People who whine about being "led away" by temptation in nine cases out of ten tempt the Devil himself. The man who camps in an enemy's country, and complains when he is pressed into service, doesn't deserve much sympathy. The man who spends his time and substance with loafers and prostitutes, or devotes his evenings to poker and whiskey, oughtn't to feel astonished if the prayer meeting seems tame or legitimate business dull and uninteresting. An old red-nosed soak was arguing on the street-corner that the Bible endorsed the scorching a man's vitals with forty-rod liquid fire and distilled damnation because the Apostle Paul advised Timothy to "take a little wine for his stomach's sake and for his often infirmities." The listener promptly cornered him by insisting on a flat answer to the ques-

tion, "Do you take it because the Bible authorizes it or because you like it?" There are people on the lookout for anything, from an angel to a devil, to help them crawl out of their own crookedness. As wise a man as Solomon puts into the mouth of Othello, referring to association with a certain sin,

"He that means virtuously, and yet does so,
The Devil his virtue tempts, and he tempts
Heaven."

And Solomon himself saith, "Enter not into the path of the wicked."

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven," saith the Preacher. How few there are, notwithstanding, who have an adequate conception of the "eternal fitness" of things. To do the right thing at the right time is the "open sesame" of success. We laugh at the incongruities of Handy Andy, but how many of us are guilty of the same faux pas in a degree, and could, if we would, relate most pathetic as well as amusing contremps in connection with these failings. A prominent local undertaker engaged an assistant some time since, and in instructing him as to his duties suggested the advisability of his being cheerful in his demeanor towards patrons rather than mournful and lugubrious. The young man absorbed the idea; and with a view to carrying out his employer's wishes, although not musical enough in his tastes to distinguish "Old Hundred" from "God Save the Queen," he soon learned to hum one or two street airs sufficiently to embody the tune. One morning he was called to wait upon a gentleman who called to procure a casket for his deceased brother. The young man showed him through the stock, all the while humming his little

ditty. The customer looked furtively once or twice at the assistant, and finally turned squarely on him and said, "Young man, do you always hum that tune when you show people caskets?" "I—I—I don't know," stammered the young fellow, somewhat abashed. "W—why what is it?" "Well," replied the customer, "it is just this way: it may not always be appropriate, and I advise you to learn something more general in its application." He had been humming, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

**GOODY-
GOODNESS**

There is a kind of goodness abroad that is enough to make decent men and women breathe the Pharisee's prayer, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." The kind of goodness that walks about with the placard about its neck, "I am good," and turns up its nose at everything that is not squared to its microscopic standard of holiness, must make devils laugh as well as angels weep. We have known men who were so good that the song of the little birds on Sunday disturbed the sanctity of their Sabbath thoughts, while for a human being to whistle on the Lord's day was an "awful deeseccration." Some of these were men so good that they could not live with their wives nor get along with their children. The goodness that secludes itself and finds expression in ascetic criticism of the world in general, and other Christians in particular, is a kind concerning which we may well pray, "Good Lord, deliver us." It is born of selfishness just as much as "beer guzzling," with the advantage in favor of the latter as the guzzler usually shares his pleasure. "He that separateth himself seeketh his own desire," saith Solomon. Look out that your goodness is not conceit, pre-

judice or a bad liver. Goodness and sweetness are inseparable. You can't palm off that wretched counterfeit compound of narrowness, selfishness and egotism as the pure thing. The world does not make many mistakes in its estimates of men. You are valued at your worth. Take off the card, my good friend.

**TOO
HONEST**

A straight line can't be too straight, a circle can't be too round, a square can't be too square, but, in the opinion of some people a man can be too "honest." When you find anyone sticking up for zig-zag honesty, put your pocket-book in a safe place, and do business with him in spot cash only. The man who is honest only when it suits his pocket does not need the jimie or the sandbag to make him a first-class thug. These are the kind of people who think a man is too honest when he deals as squarely with the innocent child or poor old negro who comes to his establishment as he does with the wide-awake, intelligent people who know what the market value of a dollar is in kind. It is an awful comment on society that men who are particular in regard to being honest with their fellows are regarded as "peculiar," and are pointed out on the street as objects of curiosity. It is strange, too, that the critics seldom realize the silent comment upon their own lives their estimate of these "cranks" may afford. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

**LIARS MAKE
LIARS**

The man who is untrue himself is always willing to listen to untruths about others. A liar breeds liars. The man who encourages falsehood will beget a following of liars. What folly for a man to look for verity in those about him when his whole life is a tissue of fraud and deception. You might as well expect barley from thistles as honest clerks

from a crooked proprietor or faithful servants from a deceitful master. When the head of an establishment puts a premium on falsehood, he should not be surprised when his till is tapped. "If a ruler hearkeneth to falsehood, all his servants are wicked." An honest employer makes an honest employee. There are cases, of course, where dishonesty in help crops up in spite of the influence a square man may exert, but these are the exception rather than the rule. Looseness in morals at the head of an institution is a calamity. Walk carefully before your help.

**NO USE
FOR HIM**

The bloodthirsty hate him that is perfect, and as for the upright they seek his life." It is but natural that the

"thug" should regard every honest man as his enemy, and that the society villain should sneer at virtuous manhood. The contrast is too great, and human nature instinctively recoils from contrasts of this kind. Congratulate yourself if you have for your enemies the cut-throat, swindler and the libertine. They are a disgrace to any man as friends and a recommendation as enemies. One thing, however, that is a surprise to good citizens is the fact that in a street arrest, so much sympathy is given by apparently decent people to the culprit as against the officer. A scene occurred the other day in one of our public streets that illustrated this tendency. The policeman was endeavoring to take a prisoner of the "tough" class to the nearest patrol box, amidst a storm of jeers and hoots from the crowd. In the latter were well-dressed people who joined occasionally either in the demonstration against the officer or made remarks showing sympathy with the prisoner. Every right-thinking man should back up the law, no matter whether it is being carried out by a policeman

or a Superior Court Judge. The man who lends his voice, presence or sympathy to demonstrations like the one referred to above, or the disgraceful affair that occurred at Napanee recently, puts himself upon the level with the crook and criminal, and is an enemy to society.

**NOSEY
PEOPLE**

Of all the contemptible creatures that inflict themselves upon society, the long-nosed sniffer of moral obliquity is the most unbearable. There are some people who can scent scandal where no one else can discern the ghost of suspicion. Beware of the man who is ever suspicious of other people, and who is constantly imputing motives to people. Far rather be deceived than live in an atmosphere of distrust and suspicion of everybody. The suspicious man does himself more injury than those whose character or motives he judges or impugns. The indulgence in the disposition contracts and narrows a man into a moral lath. Don't be suspicious. Rather be beaten or sold than go about with a sneer, and be classed with those who have not a good word for anybody. As a rule the cynic is no better, if he be not worse, than those against whom his cynicism is directed.

**CROSS-EYED
RELIGION**

Religion that lets a man steal extra discounts and allowances from his creditors, and permits him to cancel orders and return goods in order to buy them from others, is cross-eyed. A man may be an elder, a deacon or a steward in the church; but if he works the flim-flam game on the people he buys goods from, his religion is not worth the powder it will take to blow it over Gilroy's barn. There is too much of this psalm-singing on Sundays and "shinanagin" on Mondays. The

worst of it is, that people try to make themselves believe that this kind of thing is not exactly crooked. We would like to know the difference between a man who gets a lot of goods and holds up the seller for an extra three per cent. discount, with the alternative of having them returned, and the highwayman who drops a pistol under your nose on a dark night and requests the privilege of examining your purse or your watch. The man who can make the distinction will beat the Devil at drawing fine lines. The only difference we can see is that a man gets penitentiary in one case, while in the other he usually gets the discount.

**MEAN
SCREWS**

Some men can't stand prosperity. A big place contracts instead of expands them. We have known some fairly decent fellows who have been spoiled by getting on a little in the world. Of course the man who is small anywhere is a small man at the start. We have in mind a party who was a model apparently of courtesy, kindness and generosity when he was an employee, but who became a niggard and an oppressor when he grew to be an employer. There are some men who seem to thrive and prosper by grinding and crowding others, but just keep your eye on them for a while and you will realize the experience of the Psalmist who says in regard to the wicked: "Yea, I sought him but he could not be found." This kind of sowing is bound to bring its own crop. You old screw, your meanness will make its circuit and get round to you in time. You may squeeze your unjust discounts and rebates, take advantage of quirks in agreements and manipulate things your way for a while, but the end of the long lane will come yet. We might mention concerns in the trade we represent that

afford ample illustration of this truth. Think, young man, before you make up your mind to live the life of the commercial highwayman. "Envy thou not the oppressor and choose none of his ways."

SHAKE IT

Many a good ship has gone down through a little flaw in her timbers, or a little recklessness on the part of her helmsman. Many a great man has gone down to ruin, disgrace and perdition through a little sin that has sapped the fountains of his physical or moral nature. It is not the crimes that outrage all ideas of right and decency that decoy men to their destruction, but the little siren of personal gratification that lures them to the rocks. Watch the heart," says Solomon, "for out of it are the issues of life." A man with a rotten heart can no more be great than a pigmy can become a giant. You can't grow any bigger than your secret sin. The man who indulges in secret vice may rise for a while, but is as sure to drop as the sun is to rise. An eagle was seen to soar aloft one day from the ground where it had evidently alighted in search of quarry. Suddenly it shot earthwards as though pierced by a bullet. A spectator hastened to the spot to learn the cause and found the bird quite dead. A hawk had fastened itself upon it and as it soared drained its life blood. A family of boys were reared in this city by a couple who are still hale and hearty in their old age and who claim that no hereditary disease existed in the family. The boys all gave promise of a bright and prosperous future, two of them taking a university course. The eldest, shortly after attaining young manhood, broke down mentally, was placed in the lunatic asylum and died while there. The second boy, who went to business, was in a year or two taken with

tuberculosis and notwithstanding every effort on his behalf found an early grave. The third son has been compelled to relinquish his position and seek a warmer climate, and the fourth already shows signs of the dread disease. There was no exposure or any apparent cause of an outward or inward character to account for this devastation of a family. The young men were seclusive in the extreme, and this alone appears to furnish a clue. There is no doubt that the weasel of secret sin fastened itself on the first and was transmitted by example and practice to the others.

**PUT IT ON
THE ACE**

If you have made up your mind to gamble, go down to a faro layout and put your money on the ace and have done with it. There are a lot of people who would be shocked to death at the sight of a roulette table or a wheel of fortune who have no compunction about gambling along more genteel lines. A man can be a church member and belong to the society for the suppression of vice, and be a worse gambler than the fakir who runs a thimble rig. Ananias and Sapphira are held up as examples of moral obliquity on whom the just vengeance of an outraged God fell with fearful swiftness. Yet they were only doing what hundreds of church members are doing every day. They thought to purchase stock in the Kingdom of Heaven on a margin and their stock was "called." Their example in regard to earthly stocks as well as heavenly has since been followed with seeming impunity. Some of the biggest gambling deals on earth are consummated by people who would resent being styled "knights of the green baize." Gambling is gambling no matter whether it is in wheat or in draw poker, or whether it be conducted in a "dive" or in the rotunda

in the board of trade. It is all very well to draw nice distinctions, but the church raffle and the friendly penny ante after all are in the same category with the "seven up" and the lottery swindle. Call yourself by your right name if you indulge in games of chance either socially or commercially.

**UGHT TO
GET OFF**

The writer of "Stray Shots" has distinct recollections in his Sunday School days of a good old "Mother in Israel," whose continuous sojourn with the church militant was a source of worriment to her fellow members. The good sister referred to lived so high above the rest that her focus upon their failings threw the latter into such strong relief as to frequently cause those "burnings" that the apostle speaks of so feelingly. It was not any wonder, therefore, that one of the church officials at a meeting at which no little interest had been created by the "faithfulness" of the old lady in question along the line of "telling your brother his faults," solemnly prayed that the Lord would take her to Himself as she was too good for her surroundings. There are some people who really seem to be subjects for translation and no serious protest would be made by their friends or acquaintances. We have known wives whose husbands were so good that they would like to see them at heaven's length or at any other distance where their meanness and selfishness would make life less worrisome. We have known men and women so full of their own goodness that they could not live with their families. It is not infidelity that saps the foundations of Christianity, it is the consummate meanness and selfishness socially and commercially of some of those who profess its tenets. The religion of the man who can't kneel down with his family as freely and kindly as he can at the prayer meeting is not worth

a button on last year's coat. The man who is so good that he is always picking holes in some one's character would pick a pocket if he got the chance. "Be not righteous overmuch."

LUMP IT There are people who do not like plain talk. Every once in a while we hear of some one whose feelings have been hurt or his propriety shocked by the strong language with which we are compelled to describe the characteristics of those who violate business morals or ethics. When you find a man whose feelings are always being hurt, you find a fool or a rascal. The more "feelings" a man owns the less sense he has. Some of the meanest scoundrels who ever breathed the air either inside or outside the penitentiary have had more "feelings" than they knew what to do with. When you hear a preacher get down to close quarters on whiskey or adultery just watch the old soaks and blackguards in the audience get on their dignity and evidence their displeasure of the preacher's "immodesty" by walking out. "That's just going a little too far," said an indignant reader of a paper the other day to a neighbor as he read a paragraph on "business thugs." That same individual is known to every wholesale house in the trade as one of the meanest, trickiest retailers that can be found from Halifax to Victoria. No wonder such cattle do not relish the naked truth about their low tactics. When you hear the howl you may know that their hide is not as thick as their heads.

**BLUNTNESS
OR WHAT** There are some people who take pride in being what they term "blunt." Just where bluntness ends and ignorance and incivility begins, it is often difficult to determine, and it

is just in this respect that the ordinary "Jack Blunt" is a nuisance. One of this species ran into the Union Depot the other day all out of breath, but just in time to see the end of his train vanish into space. As he paused to mop his bald head and red face he let out a string of adjectives that about stopped the station clock if it did not stop the train. Turning about he saw a clerical looking gentleman upon whose countenance was depicted the horror natural to one whose righteous soul was "vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked." He immediately began an apology for his strong remarks, adding: "You know I am a blunt man and am in the habit of calling a spade a spade." "Oh!" replied the clergyman sententiously, "I was under the impression from the tone of your remarks that you would call a spade a — — shovel." The candid friend and the blunt man are in the same boat, and if you value your peace of mind you will give them a wide berth. "A fool uttereth all his mind."

**SLOPP N
OVER**

There are men who slop over socially, slop over religiously, and those who even spill their superabundant sweetness commercially. Of all the tiresome fools deliver us from the fellow who goes about slapping people on the back, calling everybody "old fellow," and wanting to kiss everything from the innocent baby to the devil. When you get a man slopping over religiously, you have the disease developed to a still more dangerous as well as obnoxious degree. Keep your eye on the man whose tears and smiles are always slopping over, and whose pocket handkerchief is always stretching out from beneath his coat-tail. There are people who can weep bucketfuls that it wouldn't be safe to trust with a watch

key under their nose, with your back turned. There are men who slop over with religion, and let their wives shovel snow or split kindling while they talk holiness or foreign missions till they can't spit. In business the gushing man is an insufferable nuisance. He thinks it the thing to embrace every man he meets and empty upon him his avalanche of sweetness. He cheerfully deposits his scanty stock of ideas with each transient visitor, and seeks either his commendation or advice. His tale, whether of weal or woe, must be told, and with an amount of empty egotism that is fulsome. Beware of giving or receiving confidence. Beware, above all things, of "slopping over." There is plenty of room for earnestness and enthusiasm in this world, but don't peddle or hawk your thoughts or business up and down every back street of your acquaintance. "A fool uttereth all his mind."

**CHIN
MUSIC**

There are forces in this world that, if they could only be harnessed and put to use, steam and electricity would soon be out of the race. If talk would cut wood or run a store, a good many of the honest poor would be out of a job, and a good many fools would be provided with profitable, if not honest employment. If there is anything from which this old world is suffering to-day more than another, it is talk. The affliction runs the whole gamut, from the chatter of the society noodle to the disgusting twaddle of the editorial idiot that sits in a sanctum and prates of war with the nonchalance and vivacity of a ball game spectator. We have it—this carnival of talk—in church, in society, in politics, in business, until a deep longing comes over the thoughtful man for some "lodge in the wilderness," far from the sound of its headsplitting din. The evidence of this popular weakness is

everywhere. It is an age of conventions, booms and sensations of every kind, and the danger of being drawn into the vortex of verbosity daily confronts the sober-thinking man. As evidenced by the daily newspaper, it is a world—

“Where facts are feigned to tickle idle ears,
Where good and evil play at tournament,
And end in amity,—a world of lies,—
A carnival of words, where every day
Stale falsehoods serve fresh men.”

A day of doing is worth a year of talk; a committee of one that means business is worth a dozen conventions of mouth reformers. Beware, moreover, of the danger that always lurks in “the multitude of words.”

**HUSTLE AND
BUSTLE**

You can't tell the size of a fire by the amount of blaze and smoke. The other day a stable and loft took fire that made more reflection and sent forth more smoke, while the affair lasted, than the ten story building down town that was demolished a week later. To see the blaze and dense volumes of smoke that poured skyward, you would have thought half the block on which the old thing stood was doomed; but twenty minutes settled the business. There are people that, to hear them talk and see them fuss, you would think that they were the only ones on earth that were doing anything worth while. You have only to look a little closer, and know a little more about them, and you find there is a good deal more wind than wheat going through their machine. There is considerable difference between “hustle” and “bustle.” If people would hustle more, there would be less bustle. Bustle

is caused by not being up to the mark either in grip or application. The hustler is the man who is always in a dead sweat either because he does not know his business or because he has been asleep or loitering when he should have been at it. A hustler is the man who is "in it" from the drop of the hat, and for all he is worth. Hustling and bustling may look alike, but the results tell the tale. You can't, to save your soul, tell a turnip seed from a wild mustard seed as they lie side by side in your hand. But plant them, and you will soon find out. The hustler "gets there"; the hustler is just as far behind on the last lap as he is at first. Don't try to hide laziness and supineness behind a show of activity. Covet the "hand of the diligent."

**LOAFERS AND
LOAFING**

There is more hope of a drunkard than of a lazy man. Drunkenness, at most, is only flesh deep, but laziness takes hold on the bones and marrow. There are lots of idle, useless fellows who thank God they are not as the poor drunkard, but are really a thousandfold more the children of the Devil than the worst old soak that hiccups his way home at midnight, and a thousandfold more, in many cases, the enemy of society than the unfortunate who happens to have lost control of his appetite. The loss sustained by society through the unproductiveness of the army of shufflers who never do a day's honest work in a year is infinitely beyond the whiskey bill that is paraded by temperance people as a monument of the awfulness of the liquor habit. A man doesn't need to stand around the corners, with a quid of tobacco in his cheek, or hang around a saloon for a free drink, to be a loafer. There are loafers who sit in cushioned pews on Sunday and bask in the sunshine of well-furnished homes.

We mean no fling at capitalists ; we refer to the man who, whether he be running a store, conducting a factory or engaged in any other lawful enterprise, does not give to it the time it requires. If there were not so many loafers in business, there would be fewer failures and more honesty. The man who does not give the proper time to the pushing of the enterprise he has in hand is a loafer, whether he be an employee or an employer. A man owes it to the world to occupy his time honestly, and there is no difference between the one who robs his employer by loitering and the man who robs his creditors by inattention to business, though that inattention be the result of attending meetings for the spreading of the Gospel in Africa or for the suppression of vice in the town where he resides. Remember, a man's business should not engross his thoughts to an extent that excludes consideration of his social relationships. We are talking of neglect.

There are a lot of people in this world
SWEETENED WIND that remind one of the country swain who brought his sweetheart to town to see the circus. They wandered hand in hand along the main street absorbing the wonders of urban life ; every window was a miracle and every open door an astonishment. Presently they were attracted to the vicinity of a confectioner's establishment by the sputtering of one of these contrivances that dispense liquid refreshment to weary teetotallers in the dog days. The pair paused, and through the window watched the dapper young man in the white coat as he deftly manipulated the glasses and faucet for the delectation of his customers. " Say, Sal !" said the ardent knight of the jeans, " let's try it !" In they ambled, and with the air of a connoisseur the

order was given. "Say, Mister, squirt us out a glass of that 'ar fizzin' stuff." After a preliminary skirmish as to flavorings, in which the fact was developed that the establishment was out of "onion," raspberry syrup was decided upon. The requisite quantity was poured out, and then commenced the operation that challenged the admiration of both the swain and his girl. The faucet was turned first this way and then that until the whole glass fairly overflowed with the rich creamy foam. So absorbed did the spectators become that they forgot the purposes of the liquid, and finally saw it subside to an inch of pink fluid in the bottom of the glass. With a look of disgust the male member of the party put his tumbler on the marble counter and said: "Look here, pardner, this is a take in. This is nothin' but sweetened wind." There is a good deal of sweetened wind about. There are plenty of people who try to pass off smiles for dollars and honied words for righteousness. These are the people who move complimentary resolutions and so forth to save their pockets. They go around with a pat on the back for everybody out of whom there is any prospect of making anything. Newspapers enjoy a patronage of this kind that would make them fat, if wind could be depended upon to pay compositors and press men. People pat a journal on the back in private and public that you could no more get a subscription or an advertisement out of than you could milk out of sandstone.

A farmer living a short distance from
STRONG IN DEATH this city in a moment of weakness the
other day blew in twenty-five cents at
a city departmental store for a spring hat for his wife.
On returning home he was so overcome with remorse
that he went out to the barn and did the Haman act

from one of the cross-beams. The hired man happening along just before the curtain dropped on the scene promptly cut the old hayseed down. He revived and apparently repented his rashness. At the end of the month, however, while again expressing his appreciation of his employee's act, he qualified it by regretting the latter's extravagance in not untying the rope instead of cutting it, and docked him the price thereof. The hired man believes that he cheated hell out of the meanest man that ever lived outside its sulphurous depths.

**CONSCIENCE
MAKERS**

From the very start man has been more prone to make a conscience for his neighbor than to exercise due care as to obedience to the dictates of his own. As the Man of Nazareth said of the carping Pharisees of His day: "Ye lade men with burdens greivous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers." Some of the "whited sepulchres" who to-day judge their neighbor in the matter of their inward or outward life are not a whit less deserving of the scathing denunciation that fell from the Master's lips when He said: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell." Men who would complacently stir their toddy on the "Sawbath" have been known to roll their eyes in holy horror at the iniquity of those who would desecrate their ideas of the day of rest by using the same hot water to shave with. We have heard men decant on the enormity of Sunday bicycle riding, the sanctity of whose tongue was called in question by the very evident bitterness with which this judgment was rendered. We have heard people draw the line religiously on the opera and theatre who were not above the enjoyment of a similar en-

tertainment in the grand stand of a fall fair or from the gallery of a down-town concert hall. Some people who close the gates of heaven against those who attend the horse race will sit and enjoy a bicycle tournament or patronize the horse show. The world is full of the creatures who run about with their little human foot rule, measuring by the shrunken standard of their own jaundiced ideas the rights and wrongs of their neighbors. What a contrast to this is the attitude of Him who said—"Judge not, that ye be not judged," and of His illustrious follower who, warning the early Church against "measuring themselves with themselves," exclaims of this very tendency, "Who art thou that judgest another?" and who exhorts his hearers to "judge nothing before the time," avowing "Yea, I judge not mine own self." These narrow-minded "judges" have done more to sicken the world of religion than all the mouthings of infidelity. The charity that "thinketh no evil" is a jewel so precious that it ought to be sought with eternal diligence by those who value the pricelessness of a conscience "void of offence toward God and man."

LOOK OUT FOR HIM

When you find a man who displays an anxiety to buy out all that is in your store at one lick, put him down for a five-cent bargain. There is a class of people who try to impress you with the idea that they want the very best you have, and that you will have to excel yourself to meet their lofty conceptions and superior requirements; but they generally wind up with much less than the majority of more modest people would be satisfied with. Our advertising man says when he gets a man in tow—or rather, gets in tow of a man who wants nothing short of six or seven pages, he shapes himself for an inch

and a half three months' contract, and he is seldom out. Business men of any kind of selling instinct know exactly what we mean. There are plenty of people that, if you could only buy them at what they are worth and sell them at the figure they put on themselves in their dealings with others, the Klondike would not be in it. It is strange what asses people make of themselves in business. A book infinitely more amusing than the brightest production of the professional humorist might be written by business men in connection with the fools against which their daily experience constantly runs them.

There is an ancient myth that tells of a
IT WILL KILL YOU magic skin, the possessor of which had the power to acquire anything he wished for, but at each gratification of the desire it shrank, until finally it crushed him. Supreme selfishness is the qualification for the thirty-third degree in the Royal Arch Demons, and plenty of men here are diligently shaping for it. A homesickness for the lodge room is written in some of their faces. When a man gets so he can't think of anything but himself, he is nothing but a moral mummy whose remains are only fit for the wood-pile of the inferno.

**"FINDETH NO
GOOD"**

A woman will go into a drygoods store packed to the roof with goods of every style and value, and come out with a five-cent paper of pins. That is what she went in for and she got what she wanted. We usually find what we are hunting for. We have known people to go to church and come away with some grammatical mistake made by the preacher when they could not even recollect the text. When you find a man always turning up the bad

side of everything, you have got a gutter snipe. No man will go nosing around back lanes and into garbage barrels who doesn't like the smell of refuse and love the taste of carrion. Put that down. The fellow who is a libertine will tell you that every man is immoral and every woman immodest; the confirmed liar will tell you that you can't trust anybody these days; the crooked business man will tell you that you can't be in business to-day and be a consistent church member. cynic is the polite name for the man whose own evil experience leads him to think that there is no such thing as sincerity or brotherly kindness in the world. Guard against this disposition to sneer and scoff at good. Take a square look within when you find yourself souring on men and things. "He that hath a froward heart findeth no good." Are you finding good or evil?

**THE
BLATHERSKITE
BORE**

We meet him on the street car, in the railway coach, and everywhere that men and women congregate. His conversation with his neighbor develops into an informal address to the whole company. It was once the misfortune of the writer to be compelled to travel on the same car with one of these insufferable blatherskites every morning for some months. He was a small official of some sort, a food or milk inspector, if we remember rightly, and as he leaned on his stick he would roll his eyes all over the car as he talked at the crowd while ostensibly in conversation with his neighbor. The drift of his remarks was always in the direction of illustrating what a fearfully and wonderfully constructed fellow he was. You could not travel twice with him without knowing who and what he was. Sometimes these talking machines slip a cog. We were travelling

the other day on one of those banes of the traveller's existence, a "mixed," and, as though the agony caused by the shunting and jerking of this railway torture were not sufficient, the presence of one of these blatherskites was added to fill up the cup of misery to the brim. He talked to a meek man next to him until he could hardly spit. In the course of a half-hour's conversation, in which he exploited his powers as a business man, he told of the number of carloads of stuff he had sold. His neighbor, of course, knew nothing of the particular line in which his talkative companion was engaged, and doubtless swallowed his statements as gospel. In the course of the conversation, however, prices were mentioned, when a quiet little man immediately in front, turned around and remarked: "I will take six carloads at that figure," producing his card. The effect was more startling than of any thunderbolt. The talker hesitated, looked at the card, and in a confused way endeavoured to explain that he had made a slight mistake, and so forth. "Oh," said the little man, "I thought you were talking business. Excuse me;" and turned once more to his paper. The talking ceased. The words of the wise man came forcibly to mind: "He that is wise spareth his words."

This is a bad disease. Murder lurks in
THE GREEN EYE it. Cain had the green eye, so had Saul; it accomplished the death of Jesus of Nazareth. It is the most contemptible and loathsome of all mental and moral affections. The man who wants to hit his fellow on the head with a club because he is more successful than himself is a low cur. There are plenty of them running loose. The police administration has somewhat improved since Cain's time;

that is all that prevents an epidemic of murders. If sarcasm and sneers could kill, plenty of successful men would provide work for the undertakers. Don't get caught belittling your neighbor's success. Give him credit for fairly outstripping you, if he has done so ; and instead of getting after him with the club of abuse, get out and hustle for success yourself. Keep out of the class of little fellows who pelt mud and make faces at their betters. It will pay you. People will respect you, and better still, you will respect yourself if you decline to allow narrow jealousy to betray your manhood into unworthy speech or action. When a man has his own respect, he need not care much for his standing with others. Keep square with yourself. Jealousy is "cruel as the grave" in more respects than one. They say that when a bee stings it forfeits its life. Jealousy is suicidal.

GOLDEN SILENCE Silence is often golden. Men have made money by knowing how to keep down the "unruly member." Some men would be rich to-day if they had known enough to keep their tongue between their teeth. We may have told it before, but the story comes to mind of an undertaker who appreciated this point. The body of an unknown young man had been picked out of the bay and left with him after the inquest, pending an effort to identify it. It was at last found that the deceased came from Chicago, and that he was the son of very well-to-do people. The father came East, and after a hurried visit to the undertaker's establishment, was satisfied that the dead body was that of a wayward son who had left home some months previously. He made arrangements for the embalming of the remains and their encasement in a handsome casket for shipment

home. As he was about to leave the premises, he turned to take another last look at the face of the dead. In the meantime the "rigor mortis" had abated and the jaw had dropped. On a closer examination, the old gentleman began, from some marks about the teeth to realise that he had been mistaken in his identification, and finally was satisfied that the remains were those of a stranger. He cancelled the arrangements, and left with a much lighter heart. On his visitor's departure, the undertaker, chagrined at the sudden collapse of a profitable deal, put the body into a pine box and jammed down the lid with the remark: "There, you lummix, you might have had a decent funeral if you'd only kept your mouth shut." In the long run it pays to be cautious in speech. "A fool uttereth all his mind: but a wise man keepeth it in till afterward."

**WITHOUT
PREJUDICE**

If we could get the blue goggles off people, what a different world this would seem! Man is prone to prejudice as the sparks fly upward. We are always forming conceptions in the absence of light and reaching conclusions in advance of the facts. We met a man the other day in Montreal who thought that people went about Toronto wearing orange sashes and whistling "Kick the Pope." There are people in Ontario who have never been up under the mountain who are foolish enough to believe that Hamiltonians walk backwards to keep their pants from bagging at the knees. Plenty of people in the States are convinced that in Canada we cut the claws of the bullfrog to keep him from scratching the moss off the backs of the inhabitants who, according to report, wear earrings, swear in Choctaw and live on peasoup. We have to confess that even in this

country we are not free from those who conceive an American to be a bumptious individual with hook nose and billy goat whiskers, who talks bad English through his nose and punctuates his sentences with avalanches of tobacco juice. All this is the result of the tendency of humanity to build conclusions on most inadequate foundations. Because some ass announces that he has stopped putting water on his hair, as it rusts the wheels in his head, that is no reason why you should form the impression with Carlyle that most men are fools. A man down in Kentucky was reading from a paper the other day a list of the curative uses to which water might be put with success. Throwing aside the paper in disgust, he remarked that it would make a saw-horse sick. "Next thing," said he, "some fool will be advocating water as a beverage." So are we influenced by our prejudices that many reach the point experienced by the old lady who said she was open to conviction, but would like to see the man that could convict her. Get off the goggles, and quit "seeing things." You will find that the world about you is not as blue as it has seemed to you.

THE NAKED TRUTH

It is said in ancient myth that Truth while in bathing had her clothes stolen by error, and to this circumstance is attributed the fact that we have had the "naked truth" with us ever since. In every age, moral prudes have given vent to their righteous indignation that thus unadorned Truth should be permitted to walk abroad in daylight. To-day the naked truth is as unpopular as in the days of Diogenes. The brazen liar is horrified at her audacity, and indignant that such vulgarity is not suppressed. The polished villain, whose culture and good clothes hide his loathsome leprosy, turns up his

eyes in holy horror at her shocking indecency. Yes, we have barroom loafers and gamblers who can give ministers of the Gospel and social reformers pointers on purity of thought and elegance of diction. It takes a full-fledged adulterer or an accomplished libertine to point out the obscenity or immodesty of an exposition of the social evil. It is the business cut-throat or the commercial hunchback that waxes eloquent on the necessity of a trade paper leaving moral issues alone. You mean old baggage, mend your ways, and neither the preacher's shots nor the editor's pricks will get under your hide.

**WANTED,
A REVIVAL**

What this world wants is not so much a revival of religion as a revival of common honesty. A few years ago it was considered a disgrace to fail in business, while to-day insolvency does not interfere with church standing in the slightest. Men fail, pay five cents on the dollar, and go on acting as stewards, elders or deacons without a thought of the injunction, "Owe no man anything." A man stood up in a prayer meeting in this city the other night and stated that, for a certain period past, he had lived as pure as the angels in heaven. After he sat down, a member of the congregation arose and said he thought a man as good as the previous speaker ought to pay his debts. The party referred to replied, saying that he paid "all the debts the Lord told him to pay." This is the kind of thing that makes religion a byword. You will never get ungodly men to take much stock in the godliness of a man who fails, lives in a fine house, and flourishes around as the agent of his wife. Most men can see through the hole in a ladder, if there is light on the other side, and there is a fairly distinct conception abroad amongst outsiders as to the standard

set by Christian doctrine touching the outward life. There are plenty of honest men who fail, and whose honor is as unimpeachable after failure as before, for misfortune comes upon all. The thing we are hitting at is that peculiar kind of failure that, in the church or out of it, may be characterized as shady. The man who is honestly endeavoring to pay his debts has the respect of the whole community.

**THAT TIRED
FEELING**

The man who keeps in the procession to-day has to deny himself. In other words he has to shake the flesh aside and let mind be supreme. The man who eats too much, drinks too much, loiters too much or sleeps too much will have to foot the bill in hard cold cash. Sin against the physical being, like those against the moral nature, will find us out sure. Just now the tired man feels more tired, and the fellow who keeps up a gait at other seasons is tempted to ease off in himself. A little recreation, properly taken, is a good thing ; but a man must be on the watch even in the dog days against the disposition, innate with most of us, to lapse into loafing. There are some people, however, who have a perennial tired feeling. Like the dog who was so chronically tired that he used to lean up against the fence to bark, the disease becomes chronic if not kept constantly under control. The full-orbed man is able to mix recreation and business in such proportions as that one does not interfere with the other.

**THE SMOOTH
THING**

"You'll catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar," is a favorite saying with those who hunt success with a sugar stick in one hand and a lie in the other. When

you find one of these sweet fellows with no opinions of his own, whose compliments are as thick as blossoms in May, look out for the fly trap. When you hear a man advocating the "smooth thing" in business, politics or religion, never let him get within twenty feet of your cash box. Those who sell their principles or opinions for the sake of "keeping in with" people, will sell you, body and bones, if they get a chance. "Be 'umble, Uriah, and you'll do," was the injunction of the immortal Heep's mother to her offspring, and this advice has been repeated from time to time by those advocating the "smooth thing" as a method of getting along in the world. Away with such sentiments as unworthy of a being made to walk upright and look his fellow in the face. Manhood is more than money, position, honor or even friendship. To be a man is better than success, as the world takes it; to be a snivelling, smirking, cipher, with thousands of dollars in the bank or a political job in the pocket, is infinitely worse than failure. Be a man.

**MR. DOUBLE
FACE**

One of the most contemptible specimens of humanity found in the category is the fellow who can weep with one eye and wink with the other. He can take cocktails at the club or water at the love feast; he can sing the "Little Brown Jug" or "Nearer My God to Thee," apparently with equal gusto. Like a piano he can vibrate in celestial harmony to "Holy Angels" or reverberate to the touch of the "Devil's Trill." He runs with the sheep and is equally at home with the wolf pack. He subscribes handsomely to church funds and makes up the expenditure by gambling in wheat, or giving short weight or shoddy goods. An India rubber conscience is a mighty handy thing for some people. It is like the

Sunday School boy's scriptural definition of a lie—"An abomination unto the Lord and a very present help in trouble." The astonishing fact in connection with these arrant humbugs is that some of them appear to persuade themselves that their lives are not "off the square." A downright crook is a prince to these moral chameleons that alter their color to suit their circumstances. Go and take a jimmie and make a living lifting other people's back windows, and you will be respectable compared with the oleaginous scoundrel who sniffles psalms and chisels his neighbor. Be one thing or the other, an honest man or a thug.

**MYSTERIOUS
PROVIDENCE**

There is a lot of twaddle talked about Providence. A man takes in a load of green apples, and over the remains the clergyman in melting accents talks about the uncertainty of life and the mysteries of Divine Providence. People are rational in almost everything else but religion, and here Tommy Rot seems to run riot. This phase of human nature is well illustrated by the story of the Jew who, on leaving a restaurant after partaking of the tempting but forbidden roast pork, was startled by a loud thunderclap. "Mine gracious," said he, "vat a row about a leedle piece of pork." There is a Divine Providence that contemplates the individual well-being as well as the good of the universe; but to think that the Almighty is led by the nose by every fool that defies His laws is bringing the Deity down to very feeble limits. Children, sometimes, in their simple logic, hit the nail on the head. The other evening a little fellow of four years was sent to bed early for being naughty. During the evening a severe storm arose and a large chimney was blown down, the debris falling through the roof of the room in

which the little fellow's cot lay. Fortunately he escaped without injury, and his mother sat by him for a while to sooth his fears. When his terror had subsided, the child's propensity for asking questions asserted itself: "Mamma, what made our chimbly blow down?" he asked. "The wind, dear." "What made the wind blow our chimbly down?" "God made it, I suppose, son." "What did God want to blow our chimbly down for?" Here the mother, like many other religious teachers, could not resist the temptation to use the acts of God as a whip in her own hands. "Perhaps because Raymond has been such a bad boy to-day." Assuredly this had a very grave aspect. After a few minutes of silence came this comment: "Well, God needn't have blown down our whole chimbly. He might have knocked off a few bricks, and it would have scared me just as much."

QUEER RELIGION

There is a kind of religion that is a mixture of habit, superstition and stomach. We have known men who would not spit on the Sabbath Day, but who could whistle hymns while figuring some crooked deal or planning some mean scheme on their neighbors. We heard a confirmed drunkard say with evident pride and satisfaction, that he had never gone to bed in his life without saying his prayers. About the worst old hack we ever knew was so particular about the fourth commandment, that he would not allow a flag to be hoisted or a whistle blown on his yacht on Sunday. There are some people whose emotions depend on the condition of their stomachs. When they are well fed they will sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss, but a spell of colic will knock their "experience" higher than Gilroy's barn. Don't pity the poor African with his hoo-

doo doctors and tom-toms, if your religion consists merely of habits of church-going, Sabbath keeping or teaching a Sunday school class. A religion that can be knocked out by a dose of green apples, a loose tack or a lost collar button, is not worth the castor oil and sticking plaster it takes to hold it together. It is wonderful the number of grown up intelligent people around, who do not know religion from a pain in the stomach.

SOME KINDS OF FUN

The various ideas people have of "fun" would fill a book. There is the man who sits in the sun on an old wharf waiting half a day for a bite who expatiates on the glorious sport of fishing. Then there is the fellow who rides a bicycle until he is choked with dust and the perspiration drops from his chin, who waxes eloquent upon the intoxicating pleasures of the wheel. But of all the cross-eyed conceptions of fun, that of the fools who load themselves in a hack after loading up with whiskey and start out for a "time," is the most oblique. When a man has to make a lunatic of himself to get fun he had better forego the luxury. Fun that costs a man his own dignity and the respect of decent people is not worth a tinker's curse.

TOUCHY PEOPLE

Some people go about with a chip on their shoulders, ready at the slightest provocation to fly off the handle. These touchy folks are a nuisance, and are really conceited asses, as to be constantly in hot water over their dignity and rights. The well poised man is not soon vexed. It is always a sign of weakness when a fellow is easily provoked. Sound yourself on the point. Of course there are phlegmatic people who would not stir from their

snail's gait if the heavens collapsed, and to whom compliments and insults are alike. A man without spirit is only half a man, but these hot-headed fellows are insufferable bores. Says the Wise Man: "A fool's wrath is presently known"; so that in his day the world had its estimate of fiery tempered individuals who are in the habit of expressing their feelings on the spot. The shallowest lakes develop the quickest and fiercest storms.

**TALK IS
CHEAP**

Solomon knew the difference between a blacksmith and a jawsmith. No doubt he studied out the characteristics of both when he was temple building, and formed the conclusion which he has recorded in his book of Proverbs. "In all labor there is profit; but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury." Where you find one man who is willing to give a lift on a load, you will find ten that will enter upon an elaborate scientific discussion as to where the fulcrum should be put to give the lever the proper purchase. For every man who keeps right on at the saw horse, you will find a dozen who spend most of their time picking out the straight sticks, and examining and greasing the bucksaw. Did you ever watch a boy trying to get away from a quarter of a cord of hardwood some morning before school? Ten minutes are occupied adjusting the sawhorse so it won't wiggle, then he pulls about the old beech sticks to get at the nice clear maples, and now behold all things are ready. But the saw isn't greased, so he takes a trip to the back kitchen and rummages around for a bit of fat. The saw is slicked up and away she starts. When the cut is about half through he sits across the stick to get his breath, and finds before starting that he needs to water up, and so there is another trip to the kitchen for a

drink. At the end of the first fifteen minutes he has two cuts in the stick, and the hour finds him with half a dozen of the easiest ones in the pile disposed of. There are grown men that carry on this kind of monkey business week in and week out. They spend most of their time dreaming and planning, and their unfinished schemes would overtop the biggest wood pile this side of hades. To hear them talk you would think that they were going to turn the world upside down, but if you go back in a month you will find them—still wagging their jaws, and the old world in its same relative position to the sun, moon and stars. What is the matter with plenty of people in this world is that their mouths are too large for the rest of their corporality.

WHAT IS SUCCESS

The world's estimate of success is "getting there" no matter how. It bows to the veriest boor or the most consummate scoundrel who can show a fat bank account. "There is nothing succeeds like success," says the world, and by this it means, get success, honestly, if you can, but get it anyhow. Webster defines success as "the favorable or prosperous termination of anything attempted: a favorable issue." This definition is generally accepted as the criterion of success or failure, and yet is it not too bald? Does it not eliminate many of the greatest and noblest efforts that have ever been put forth by man? The trouble is we judge success from the standpoint of immediate results rather than by the broader and deeper criterion of effect. A story is told of the Duke of Wellington in connection with the battle of Waterloo. When the engagement was at its hottest, and when victory or defeat seemed to hang in the balances, a messenger rushed up to the Duke with a despatch informing him

that a certain division was exposed to such a tremendous fire that they were being mown down like grain, and asking permission to withdraw to shelter. "Tell them to stand firm!" was the grim reply of the Duke and the messenger hastened back. In fifteen minutes more another messenger galloped up with a dispatch urging the fact that the division was being overwhelmed with the concentrated attacks of cavalry and infantry, and the imperative necessity for reinforcements or retreat to shelter. "Tell them to stand firm" was the only reply as the Duke took up his glasses and turned them in the direction of the beleaguered division. Within a short time an officer rushed up to the Duke and begged him for God's sake to send them help or withdraw them otherwise there would not be a man left in the division. The only reply was, "Tell them to stand firm!" The officer hastened back. The end of the battle came; Waterloo was won, but when the Duke and his aides rode over the field they came to the position held by the division that was in such sore distress. Not a man was left. They had "stood firm." Victory was on the side of right, tyranny and oppression were throttled, the destiny of Europe changed, and who shall say how much of the success was due to the division that perished that day in the cause of duty. No, success cannot always be measured by the immediate results to individuals. The world has never been given the names of those in the city of Damascus who held the ropes the night that Paul was "let down in a basket by the wall" but the act of these men gave to the world that which has made history, shaped the course of nations, and the result of which can alone be summed up in the light of eternity. Then will shine forth **the** illustrious company of those who have "held the ropes" in the critical times of na-

tional and individual history. Success in its truest sense is measured by the fulfilment of duty. The man who is faithful to himself, and the duty that lies next him is the successful man, and he may die as poor as Job's turkey. But "duty done" written on his tombstone gives him a right to a place amongst earth's most illustrious heroes.

**FALSE
ECONOMY**

Some people think that if they could only stop eating they would grow rich.

It is certain that if some would eat less they might not only save more but could work better. All that is the matter with some folks is that their food is too good for them, it gives them chronic idleness. It is amusing to hear men talk of not feeling well when they gorge themselves with all kinds of delicacies, and neglect the wood pile. The cordwood pile should bear proportion to the bill of fare if a man is to maintain health. There is a kind of economy that would make a sawhorse laugh. We all pity the man who stints himself to swell his bank account, but there is another class that deserve our commiseration quite as much. There are people whose very idea of economy is a sure preventative of success. They deny themselves the necessary adjuncts to success. They cannot afford the proper requisites for doing a respectable business and content themselves with shabby surroundings. The idea of securing proper help is put aside as extravagant and they potter away themselves giving everybody the impression of a one-horse institution that is not worthy of patronage. As Solomon says, "Where no oxen are the crib is clean: but much increase is by the strength of the ox." In other words you may "save at the spigot and waste at the bung." What you consider extravagance on the

part of your neighbor may be the very cause of his prosperity. Do not deny yourself the luxury of an ox and lose the proceeds of his strength. Do not think because your "crib" is clean that you are getting along. The crib may be gone some day for firewood unless you get an ox to haul you some.

BIDE YOUR TIME

It takes a better man to stand a punishment than to inflict it. It takes grit to calmly suffer misrepresentation and opposition when a man knows he is in the right. The man who can wait usually wins the battle. The man who is determined to pound his ideas into other people has usually a hard time, and in nine cases out of ten makes no headway. It is the fellow who keeps on serenely at the purpose in view and waits for people to come round to his way of thinking who gets there. Many a good fight has been lost through the hot-headedness of those who did not realize the philosophy of the saying that "everything comes to him who waits." The man who "flies off the handle" when things do not come his way, will always play a poor second to him who can smile and see the other fellow win. This was evidently the wise man's thoughts when he penned the words, "If the spirit of the ruler rise up against thee, leave not thy place; for yielding pacifieth great offences."

LET IT GO

It is necessary sometimes to know when to let a good thing go as well as an evil. We remember the story of the Irishman who had a bull by the tail which went careering around a ten acre field with him clinging for dear life to its caudal appendage. "Let go, Pat!" shouted his friends in alarm. "Shure whin I get a good chance

that's pwhat I'll do," said Pat, and we sympathize with him. There are times when it is hard to let even a bad thing drop even when we are thoroughly sick of it. It is sometimes harder still to let a good thing go. To have to give up our cherished hopes or possessions when they are dearest to us, is often attended with the severest pangs. It was thus with the Scotchman who set out for America with his cousin. They had celebrated the departure with friends in a regal way before taking ship, and on going down the Clyde began to experience the pangs that sent Jonah below. Jock succumbed and threw up everything but his job, but Sandy hung out doggedly against the malady. "Why but ye let go, mon," said Jock, "An' ye'll be all richt in a meenit." "Aye," said Sandy with a beseeching look, "But it's whuskey, ye ken, Jock."

THE ROUGH THING

Our comments on the "Smooth Thing" have been variously received. Some seem to think from our denunciation of the sentiment that "Molasses catches more flies than vinegar," that we advocate a policy of Chauvinism in business. We thought our remarks on the business boor would have secured us against such an imputation. We have no patience with the man who advocates the "Rough Thing," any more than the "Smooth Thing." It is hard to say which is the worse, the man who goes about saying honied nothings, or the fellow who hurts and wounds with the rudeness that he chooses to denominate bluntness. "There is," says Solomon, "that speaketh like the piercing of a sword." One can rid himself of the company of the creature in hob nailed boots, slouch hat and tobacco mouth who violates the proprieties, but it is hard to avoid the society or business

clout whose mouth like a bludgeon or rapier makes havoc of our feelings and sensibilities. We have to put up with him although society often groans under the weight of the affliction. There was a time when a man could be a boor and make money. To-day, fortunately, one of the things that tell against success is neglect of the amenities of business. It does not pay to be Jack Blunt any more. The "Rough Thing" is even more fatal than the "Smooth Thing" as bringing swifter and more certain retribution.

**WEALTH THAT
ENRICHES**

Some of the most solitary people in this world are those who have plenty of money and so-called friends. Money and acquaintances do not take the place of that which every rightly constituted human being craves — friendship. It was this feeling that gave birth to the expression "Save me from my friends." There is a saying of the Wise Man that is often misapplied. When Solomon said "He that winneth souls is wise," he had no reference to the faculty of influencing people along the line of righteousness or to the capacity of winning men to the worship of the Most High. "He that winneth souls is wise." A man who wins fortune, place or renown gets but a fleeting shadow, the man who makes a friend, who wins a soul secures an eternal possession. The man who is rich in true friendship may lack all that this world considers essential to prosperity or success, but enjoys a condition of being far beyond what the former could bring alone. The man who is so poor in friendship that he holds no cherished place in the thoughts of others, is poor indeed. It takes a capacity for bestowing friendship as well as receiving to make a true friend. So the man who makes friends

must have that within him which makes his friendship valuable, and in this respect he is "twice blessed," "for it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." "He that winneth souls is wise." Get rich in friends. Not of the kind who flatter and fawn, but those who "stick closer than a brother" in the sense of eternal abiding constancy and trust.

**AN EASY
PATH**

The sure road to the devil either in business or in morals is neglect. You don't need to wait for extravagance or bad investments to bring you to the street, all you require is to sit down and slide. We have been accused of hitting little evils just as hard as big ones in these "Stray Shots" and were taken to task only the other day for saying that a lazy man is worse than a drunkard. It is just here that the seriousness of the malady is made apparent. The poor drunkard knows his fault and bemoans it, the lazy man will deny his sloth till crack of doom. As we have said more than once, drunkenness is a disease of the organs, laziness of the bones, and therefore harder to reach. There is more hope of a drunkard reforming than of a lazy man mending his ways. Solomon says "The way of a slothful man is a hedge of thorns." Sown by his own hand the crop matures, bars all access to thrift or success, and finally chokes off the lazy fellow himself. The slothful man has a hard time, for the Lazy Devil is a hard master. We have known men go to more trouble to escape doing a thing than the doing of it would cost in the first place. We have also seen men who have shirked things when they had a comparatively light job, who afterwards have had to work two or three times as hard to get their three meals and enough to cover them.

The disease finds congenial soil in all of us, and will grow with surprisingly little encouragement. When it takes good root a cyclone will not shake it. We heard of a man the other day who got so beastly lazy that he stopped carrying a watch because the "tick" was too heavy.

**VILE
SLAVERY**

Of all servitude, that of the borrower to the lender is the worst. Well might Solomon say, "the borrower is bond-servant to the lender." Many a man to-day knows the bitterness of debt, and this is an age of all ages when you can owe money and be respectable and even religious. People can be pillars of the church and preside at missionary meetings, and the butcher and baker not be able to get a penny out of them. There are people that roll down in their carriages to church that have not paid their charwoman for six weeks. What a tale might be unfolded in a city like this were an investigation of debts made in connection with those who come and go to the Saturday afternoon matinees or are announced at official levees. A glance at the society news of the local papers often affords food for thought for the retailer. Mrs. Brown-Jones and family have returned from the seaside, and the tradesman makes up his mind to try his luck at getting a small payment on last season's account. The marriage of Mrs. Hautboy's daughter is attended with a wonderful flourish of trumpets and a lavish entertainment of guests, and last winter's social events have not yet been paid for. It is a burning shame that tradesmen find it hard to get enough money to pay their bills while these brazen faced society dead-beats are "clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day." In the background of all this extravagance and debt, however, is often one who deserves

the sincerest pity and commiseration—the man of the house. Alas ! Many a well-meaning man has allowed his family to chain him to the galley of debt, until his heart's blood is well nigh wrung out. It is not so hard to make money as to save it. The premium that is put on roguery by our social and business system is the ruin of many a man and business. It is common to see a man with two thousand dollars a year income going it at a ten thousand dollar pace. When he does so knowingly he is a thief ; but thieving of this kind is so common now that the jails would be crowded if the law paid any attention to it. The man who would be free indeed is the man who avoids debt as he would a pest house. What respect can a man have for himself who is dogged day by day by creditors and their collectors ? Better live on a crust and plain water and be as lean as a greyhound than come into such a place.

**FORSAKE IT
AND LIVE**

Three meals a day, clothes, and lots of "fun" make up the desideratum of life with a great many. They call "seeing life" the putting on of the smoked glass of depraved taste and deadened conscience and peering into the garished light of moral obliquity. Fortunately the rot that used to be talked about a young man "sowing his wild oats" has been so dispelled by the attitude of medical men and the teaching of our schools that the doctrine that was once the means of sending more young men to hell than the saloon is seldom now broached. The Wise Man says, "Forsake foolishness and live." It is only when a man shakes off this idea that self-gratification is the beginning and end of being, that he becomes a true man. The greatest enemy a man has is himself, and if he is to attain true manhood all his ener-

gies must be bent to subjugate the demands, desires and appetites of the flesh to the will. The perfectly poised man is the one who can say to all these, "stay thou there until I have need of thee," and every man by disciplining his body can learn to command its motions. Johnston used to lift off his hat in respect to every clergyman, no matter of what denomination, he met. But a man in any station or garb, a true man, is so grand a product of creation that whether young or old he ought to command our veneration.

**BLIND
JUSTICE**

The ancients gave the world their conception of justice in the blindfold goddess, whose judgment was supposed to be unbiassed by sight. In all ages men have applied the bandages when judging themselves. "All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes," said the Wise Man. "You know," said a man the other day, "Plenty of us do things that are not quite square in business without giving the moral aspect of the question sufficient thought. Now I try to do the best I know how, but once in a while one of these "Stray Shots" finds its way under my skin, and I see things as I never saw them before." That is the trouble with people all along, they don't think. Even the Psalmist found this the case in his own experience for he says, "I thought on my ways and turned my feet into thy testimonies." If people would only tear the bandages off their eyes and begin to think they would see things in a light they never dreamed of before. If people would only think there would not be half the poverty and crime there are in the world. There is a mental laziness that is as bad if not worse, than physical. It is the fool who "does not think" that points loaded guns at people and after-

wards looking on his victim says he "did not know it was loaded." It is the slow brained swift tongued harpy that starts gossip that ruins the reputation or business of his neighbor who lisps out that he did not mean to do any harm when he sees the result of his idle intellect. If people would begin to think, doctors, lawyers and undertakers and jailkeepers would find their duties light. Examine your ways. They may be clean in your own eyes, but remember there is One who "weigheth the spirits." Look diligently, therefore, to your going.

OUT OF PLACE

There is a time for every purpose under the sun, saith the Wise Man. Yet people go on mixing up their time in a most hopeless and fatal way. We have known men talk politics when they should be dusting their shelves, attend a ball game when they should be looking after their accounts, and expiating on the evils of departmental stores when they might find more profitable employment getting rid of some of the moss that is keeping them back in the commercial race. There is a man walking the streets of this city to-day who was once in business and who talked by the hour on economic questions to everybody who had as much time as himself to devote to wagging his jaw. Another case of a retail merchant comes to mind who devoted his thoughts to noon-day prayer-meetings and temperance gatherings instead of seeing that his business interests were properly looked after. Now, politics, science, religion, and even the ball game have all their proper places, but when a man neglects his store to give attention to them, even religion becomes a vice. There are a good many people who make a vice out of religion. They blame the man who sits up nights over a card table or hangs around a

saloon until his family are tired waiting for him to come home, but never think that a man may neglect his family and business quite as much to run after church meetings or to boom social reforms.

**DON'T
SAY IT**

You can't always help your thoughts, but every man should be master of his own lips. Because the Devil gets into the back kitchen is no reason why he should be entertained in the parlor or made to feel at home on the front doorstep. Vile-tongued abusive scolds are often excused as "not bad at heart," which is all rubbish. If the vileness does not come from the heart, where on earth does it come from? Don't make any mistake; the goods in the window are always a fair sample of what is in the store, usually much better. When you find a man exhausting the vocabulary of vituperation on his neighbor, you may put it down that he is not an angel himself.

**THE
PHILOSOPHY OF
SMILES**

"Laugh and grow fat" is an adage that embodies as much wisdom as the words of any Solon. The man who laughs is the man who wins, whether he laughs first or last. A laugh is the indication of a disposition that is bound to be on top no matter what comes. We speak now of a laugh in all the word means intrinsically. We do not include the horse laugh of the ignorant animal who sees fun where others see sorrow or sadness. Neither do we mean the silly titter of the chronic giggler, who goes into hysterics on the least appearance of anything funny, or the forced merriment of the man who oscillates his body and bobs his head as he recites his little joke. We all know a genuine laugh as soon as we hear it. There is an infection about it that is irresistible. Like mercy,

the quality of a good laugh is not constrained. * * * it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It will do more good in a family than all the physics of the pharmacopoeia or the metaphysics of theology. "A merry heart is a good medicine," or as the revised translation puts it, "causeth good healing." It is as good for a business often as a page advertisement in a local paper, and that is saying a great deal. The reputation of a hearty, whole-souled man does not require much publicity. The people are quick to detect the atmosphere of a store that a laugh thrives in.

EATING GRAVEL

There are lots of men who have rolled sin "as a sweet morsel under their tongues" who are to-day stubbing their teeth upon the results of their crookedness and wrong doing. The wise man says, "Bread of deceit is sweet to a man, but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel." The secret morsel may seem dainty and tasty now, but as sure as death the gravel eating will come. There is the fellow that some of us remember driving down town to business with his coachman and cockade. Everything was in its heyday and the abundance of money provided its possessor with sufficient for the free indulgence in secret sin. He was the constant guest of the "strange woman" and basked in the rays of an artificial light that he thought could not penetrate to the outer world. To-day there is neither coachman nor gilded boudoir, but penury, wretchedness, and worse than all, the contumely and scorn that follow the scoundrel found out. Gravel time has come. There are men reading this paragraph who have already had their mouthful of gravel, there are some with whom the experience is still to come. Emerson says, "Truth is the summit of being." It is the "sine qua non" of true

manhood. A fellow may have a big time in a life of deception for a while, but the Nemesis of retribution unfailingly follows him. Truth may be a little bitter to the taste, but breeds no deadly poison. It leaves no gravel. If you are on the crooked road remember the gravel pit ahead.

**WHAT WILL
YOU GIVE?**

Around Christmas people are distracted with the question as to what to give friends. It is a time for giving and receiving presents, and it is a blessing that there is such a time, else sordid, selfish humanity would soon shrink into a mere caricature of the beauty and grace in which it was originally fashioned. Yet we are in this matter of giving in imminent danger of another unfortunate extreme. It is to be feared that the gift "habit" is growing upon us, and that what is supposed to convey thought is becoming a meaningless form or a mere quid pro quo. A gift is precious not as it represents intrinsic value, but the thought and affection of the heart. When "consideration" enters, value in a gift as between friends disappears. It may be ever so simple, but let it stand as the silent ambassador of love, and it is transformed into a priceless treasure. We do not want things—we want love; and only as things represent this have they true worth. Let us not sit down to gift-making as an enforced task that entails the expenditure of so much time and money. Let love make our little gifts at this season bright with a joy to ourselves and others that they may not perhaps have hitherto known.

**LYING OR
POVERTY**

There are few people, apparently, who believe the statement that "a poor man is better than a liar," or there would not be so many rich liars. There are lots of men whose

fortunes are founded on falsehood and whose whole business and social life is a tissue of lies. They lie when they buy, they lie when they sell, and lie all the way between. They think it is smart to secure an extra five per cent. by lyingly representing the goods they purchased are not up to sample. They call it good business when they browbeat a house into extending the time of their payments from thirty days to three months, unjustly claiming such terms at the purchasing. They claim it is "push" when they make statements in their advertisements that are as far from the facts as the earth is from the fixed stars. Fortune built with such scaffolding may well cause its possessor uneasiness. The man who can look his fellow in the face may be poor, but he is a nobleman beside whom all the shrivel-souled scoundrels that can be piled up between earth and the utmost heavens, though the wealth of each rival that of Croesus, are but pigmies : When a man gets the idea that riches are better than honor, he is not far from the kingdom of hell. It will not be long before he will divide honors with the most adept professional safe cracker as a spoiler of other men's property. "Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right."

EYES
FRONT

Don't go about with your head hanging like a bulrush or your eyes down as though you were ashamed of being caught on the earth. While the saying that the world owes every man a living is pure rot, there is no excuse for the fellow who takes the other extreme and goes about as though he were apologizing for being alive. There are some people who are like the cur with his tail between his legs, they invite a kick, and a man feels condemned if he disappoints them. The man who holds up his head

in the consciousness of his manhood and looks his fellow in the face with the knowledge that he has nothing to fear from scrutiny, is a prince whose kingdom is the world. In nine cases out of ten the man who can't look you straight in the face is crooked. His shortcomings may never take the form of open dishonesty, but there is a secret mud puddle somewhere that is reflected through his eyes. There are few men who can brazen out sin—even secret sin. Any man with fair perception can pick out of the passing crowd the sneak, the rogue, or the libertine. Their eyes speak that which they would fain hide from the outer world. "Let thine eyes look right on and let thine eyelids look straight before thee." When a man can't look "right on" he is in a bad way. When he so loses his own respect that he is conscious of inferiority in the presence of other men, what is left? Covet the condition of mind and life that will enable you to lift up your head, square your chin, and look at people with the dignity of conscious manliness. Live straight! Look straight!

**THE STORE OF
THE SLOTHFUL**

"I went by the store of the slothful and the shop of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was all covered over with dust, and litter had covered the face thereof and the fixtures thereof were out of repair. Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man." Prov. xxiv., 30-34. The above is the revised translation according to the Business Man's Bible, and our mercantile friends will do well to take down the old book and mark the changes in the text. One would

think the writer had visited some of the retail stores of this generation instead of it being nearly 4,000 years ago. The picture is as perfect of the premises of the laggard as though it were painted but yesterday. What many merchants to-day are suffering from as well as those of Solomon's times, are good beds. A laggard drawled out the other day, "This getting out on the cold floor in the morning and working between meals is what kills a fellow." We heard of a genius who recently invented a piece of mechanism which he attached to a clock and which at a certain hour in the morning pulled the covers of his bed and rolled him out on the floor. It worked first-rate for a morning or two, but he soon learned to crawl into bed and pull the clothes over him after the machine had done its work. Laziness is a dreadful thing. I'd rather have the small-pox than have chronic laziness.

**WASTED
WIND**

Giving advice to a fool is like pouring water into a sieve. You might as well try to get a nail into a rock as sense

into the pates of some people. A lawyer remarked the other day that he had a man come to him with a trivial cause against his neighbor. As he was personally acquainted with both parties to the dispute he advised his client to go home and try and settle the matter amicably. He got roundly abused for his pains and the irate client went to another law firm and had his case entered. He lost the suit and carried it then to the Court of Appeal and from there to the Supreme Court. It ended in his losing, and it cost him so much money that he was bankrupted. The lawyer says the next fool that comes along with a case of this kind he will let him have his own way and keep his advice to himself.

We have in mind a man, who, when advised along a certain line is almost certain to take an opposite course. Someone has said "never give advice : if the object of it be a wise man he will not need it ; if he be a fool he will not follow it." Apart from whatever wisdom there may be in the saying, there is no doubt that much breath is wasted in the endeavor to keep fools on the right track. At the same time a man clears his own conscience when he devotes a little time towards preventing people of the fool class running their heads against stone walls. If there was no philanthropy of this kind fools would die off and this world would become a lonesome place to live in.

**DON'T RUN
WITH THEM**

It is astonishing how many apparently sensible people herd with fools. It is not strictly true that "birds of a feather flock together," or we should not find so many donkeys and mules allied to respectable cattle of the human kind. Some of the friendships—or, to be more correct, the companionships—we see are a sight for gods and men. One thing is sure, the man who runs with fools will never raise them to his level. This is one of the sad but certain laws of our being. "The companion of fools shall be destroyed," not by the judgment of heaven, but by the natural sequence of things. The person who intimately associates with the physically diseased cannot hope to escape the consequences ; but how much less can the man whose being is in close contact with mental or moral infirmity expect to maintain vigor of mind or character. Personal influence is a factor more telling in its potentiality than even the most thoughtful can conceive. Young man, you may boast of your superiority over the fast set with which you are

running to-day, but the day will come when you will admit that you are as big a fool as the worst of them. There is no surer road to destruction than the highway of fools. There may be some consolation in the fact that there is always plenty of company; but that is more than offset by the shortness of the road and the trouble that lies ahead, for "the companion of fools shall smart for it."

**LAZINESS AND
SLAVERY**

There is no man who thinks he enjoys more liberty than the lazy man, and yet there is no more abject slave than the loafer. The hardest and meanest master to serve is Self, for he can never be satisfied and never relents. The free man is he who can say to his own mind and body, "I am master." The man who controls himself controls the greatest power on earth, and the matter of controlling others is but child's play after holding the reins over his own thoughts, ambitions and acts. "The hand of the diligent shall bear rule." In the light of self-control—for the very essence of diligence is self-control—the diligent man has an open door before him that no man can close. The sluggard stands no chance of getting to the place of big potatoes at the hop. Diligence is the outward evidence of an inward condition. We do not take any stock in the diligence of the man with a ball and chain on his leg, and a man with a Winchester over him, nor the alacrity of the boy who knows there is a "hot time" ahead of him if he does not get through his errand in a specified time. Diligence that is the result of force of circumstances is not much better. The kind of diligence that will inevitably bear rule is the kind that is born and bred of love of the task. It is the man who is in love with his job, whether it be stone

breaking for a macadam road or for the delectation of a class in geology, who will bear rule in his calling.

**INFIDEL
MAKERS**

It is not the unbelieving blatherskites who go around inflicting their mouthings on a long-suffering public who do Christianity most harm; it is the dear little moral dwarfs who profess to represent its ethics and morals that make angels weep and devils laugh. The man who prays aloud and looks sanctimonious in the prayer-meeting, and who starves his clerks or gouges the people who sell him goods, does more to make infidels in a week than a man like Bob Ingersoll could accomplish in a year. Nobody wants religion that makes a man nasty to his family, crusty with his employees or associates, and mean with those who do business with him. The saying, "Business is business, and religion is religion," is branded by honest men as the philosophy of hell. If religion does not help a man to be square, upright, kind, considerate and courteous, he is better without it. This sniffing, shuffling sentiment that allows a man to feel good on Sundays and live a small, selfish, crooked life the rest of the week, is the most arrant humbug that this nineteenth century produces. The fact is that some people do not know religion from a pain in their stomach. They feel good as they sit back in a cushioned pew giving themselves up to the enjoyment of soothing music, and when the plate is passed and they drop a whole five-cent piece thereon their little heaven is complete. They get a peculiar sensation in the region of the heart or stomach that leads them to think they have done the Almighty a favor that He is compelled to acknowledge in giving them salvation, and they go back to their homes and stores to carry on the

business at the old stand for the Devil. These people simply get on a religious drunk once a week. Their religion is not worth a fiddler's execration. "The Kingdom of God is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Righteousness first, remember.

**LOG-
PULLING**

There was another man who constituted himself an unmitigated nuisance to the grimy toilers in the "logging" days. He was the man who was determined to have his way in handling a log if it took all summer. He would hitch his oxen to a tree and insist upon drawing it in a certain way until he exhausted both himself and his cattle in the effort. Meanwhile the others leaned on their handspikes or sat by watching the fool waste his and their time. Perseverance is a good thing when directed along sensible lines, but when it takes the form of mulishness it ought to be put down with a stuffed club. We have known people to stick so obstinately to a plan that had no merit other than the fact that it originated in their own little heads, to their own loss and the annoyance and discomfort of everybody besides. You can always tell a little fellow by the way he holds on to his ideas. There is no give or take with him. He is like the old lady who was "open to conviction," but who said she would like to see the man who could convince her. We have known men to stick to their little ideas until they ruined their business, home, and even life. They would rather have their own way and lose money than adopt other plans and succeed. Beware of this narrow-gauge spirit; it means social, business and moral suicide. "Be not wise in your own conceit." There is no success ahead of the man who is pig-headed. There is all the difference in the world between firmness

and mulishness. Don't mistake them. Take advantage of the lift the world is willing to give you if you do not insist in pulling your log your own way.

**BRED IN THE
BONE**

Some men are so crooked that they couldn't lie straight in a six foot four bed. They seem to be born that way. They would sooner sell crooked goods and make less money than sell straight at a fair profit. Cheating is as natural with them as eating, and some people seem to relish a crooked deal more than their meals. It is a strange thing but true that cheats rarely prosper. If they make money their gains seem to run through their fingers like sand. We have in mind to-day a wholesale man who was in business in Montreal some years ago, and who did a large business, in which he cheated everybody from the customs to the retailer who bought from him. He and the staff he gathered about him used to tamper with every article they sold, so that nothing scarcely left their place unadulterated. He would rather adulterate a puncheon of molasses and make less out of it than sell it pure and have over a fair margin. He prospered for a while, then escaped the penitentiary by the skin of his teeth, and to-day is eking out a living in a small manufacturing business that affords opportunity for the exercise of his ingenuity at cheating. He has never been a success and never will. Do a straight business, if you have to take a bucksaw and axe to do it.

**PHOFIT AND
LOSS**

The ledger for last year is balanced and the accounts closed, and the question is how has the year turned out? When you are balancing up the business ledger, old fellow, don't forget the moral as well as the financial loss and

gain account. Where are you at as a man? Are you less of a villain and sneak than you were a year ago, or do you think still less of the man who wears your hat than you did twelve months ago? Never mind what other people think of you, or where you stand in the eyes of the community. How much of the respect of the man you live, eat and sleep with, and who knows you as no one else can, have you managed to retain? Are you a better, bigger, broader man than when you first wrote "1906" at the top of your business letters? Don't dodge this issue. If you are worth the powder in this shot, you will sit down and consider the matter, even if the job be not a particularly inviting one. After all, it matters much more whether a man's assets in character show an increase than the stuff that is represented by cash. You may not have made a dollar last year, but, if you are more of a man, you can write "success" in big letters across your annual statement. You may have made a pile of money; but if you know that some of it was made by methods that would qualify you for the penitentiary, you had better keep your mouth shut about "results."

**LOG-
ROLLING**

To those of us whose early recollections linger about the farm, the log heap stands out as the sturdy developer of the latent idiosyncracies of men. The opportunities for "sodgering," the provocation to "pigheadedness," and the general tendency to the development of "queerness," have no doubt frequently occurred to us in contemplation of the joys of "logging." There was the man, for instance, who did most of the shouting and all of the swearing and who never gave a square lift on the whole job. There are a lot of people who spend their time "log-rolling." They hate straight work like an Orange-

man hates holy water, and will spend two days scheming any time rather than half a day at honest toil. These are the men who make a bluff at doing business and who are noted for what they are always "going to do." They spend hours figuring why business is not good and how the circulation is affected by the drop in the price of cabbages. They persuade everybody but God Almighty and their wives that they are busy men, but these two know them. If some of you who read this paragraph would quit scheming and get down to honest, square effort this year, your creditors would get their due and your families would be better kept. Put that down. Be "diligent in business," not in "log-rolling."

**VARIOUS KINDS
OF HONESTY**

With some people conscience is largely a matter of bringing-up. We have known men who would not polish their boots on Sunday who would as cheerfully blacken their neighbor's character on that day as any other. There are people who would not put a leaf of a Bible in the stove for a fortune who never lose an opportunity to roast everybody they can lay their evil tongues upon. We have known men walk ten blocks to pay a car fare they had omitted to put into the fare box who would just as righteously gouge a wholesale man out of the freights on a bill of goods or the bank charges on a draft or cheque. We heard a man, some time ago, who was one of a crowd listening to an atheist exercising his mouth in a public park, when disgusted with the remarks of the unbeliever, called out lustily, as he took his pipe from between his teeth, "Put him down, d—n, him! put him down!" This "defender of the faith" would no doubt have fought, bled and died for the faith "once delivered to the saints" as cheerfully,

doubtless, as the lay chaplain who in procession recently staggered along in his white robes clasping a massive copy of the Holy Scriptures in his drunken embrace. From the man whose sanctimoniousness sickens the people who have to live with him to the commercial bird of prey who prays in church and preys in the store, there are samples all the way between of those whose consciences are the result of gross misconception or neglect of the grand principles of the Book whose teaching is pre-eminently that righteousness not only "exalteth a nation," but men.

**THE CREED
OF GREED**

"Every man for himself," is the motto of the hog, and he proceeds to fatten on other men's calamities. He sends a wreath of flowers for the dead man's coffin, and next week forecloses the mortgage on the widow. He says "what a pity" when he learns his neighbor is in a hole, and puts the sheriff in on him to get his claim covered before he collapses. "Get all you can," and he pinches and squeezes everybody he has any dealings with to the very utmost. Dirty water or clean it makes no difference so long as his mill is kept turning. He would sell his own shrivelled soul to make ten cents if it had any marketable value, but the only one likely to make a bid on it is the Devil, and he is so sure of possession that he would hardly go that amount. The greedy man is his own worst enemy for greed "taketh away the life of the owners thereof." There was a man in this city who was worth a quarter of a million dollars ten or fifteen months ago, with whom greed was a consuming passion. His hunger for pelf led him to starve his body, stultify his soul and scandalize his friends. He began to lose his hoarded store five or six

years ago in one misfortune or another, and he died a few months ago a physical, mental and spiritual wreck. If his friends, or at least those who knew him were to provide a suitable epitaph they could not have chosen a more appropriate passage than "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house."

**DON'T BE A
PARROT**

Knowledge is commonly spoken of as being "picked up." The kind of knowledge that is "picked up" is like anything else that does not cost much effort, of little permanent use. Knowledge that sticks and that will support a man when he leans on it, like other precious substances, has to be sought for diligently and gathered with pains. There is plenty of knowledge of certain kinds abroad, but none too much of the deep, abiding helpful sort that makes wealth for the man who has it of mind, experience and of helpfulness. The curse of the age is its superficiality. Men get a smattering of things and run about with their little tin cup full of "knowledge" cackling like a little bantam hen over its pigeon egg. People satisfy themselves with "reviews of reviews," "literary digests," and parrot talks on things generally, and are as tickled as a baby with a rubber ring when they are able to converse a little about books, eminent people or events. We have lost very largely the taste as well as the ability to acquire through searching knowledge of some of the subjects with which those of preceding generations were thoroughly familiar. In economical, political, business, social and religious matters this spirit of superficiality is carried to an extent that one wonders where this custom of letting out our thinking is going to land us. "Apply thine heart" to knowledge. Get a grip on what you read and investi-

gate. Give your whole mind to the mastery of the subject you have in hand. Know what you profess to know well, if it be much or little.

HOW IS YOUR TONGUE

Show me your tongue, and I will tell you what sort of a moral liver you have. The tongue is as unerring an indication in moral as in physical diagnosis, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." When you find a fellow with a tongue all furred with spleen or inflamed with envy, you may put it down that he has a jaundiced liver or a Cain's heart. A man may profess to have gone through all the degrees of the modern holiness curriculum, even to "complete eradication," but if his tongue gets away with him and he rips the people up the back who do not see through the little slit that forms his line of vision, he could not convince a ten year old boy that he is any better than the old fish wife who spreads herself in adjectives that are not found in Webster or Worcester. A man may dress in style, be as courtly in manner and speak English as faultlessly and wittily as Colonel Ingersoll, but when he drops to the ideas and vernacular of the barroom loafer and gutter snipe, he proclaims himself an accomplished blackguard. A dirty tongue bespeaks a rotten heart. A mean tongue is perhaps the commonest used, and certainly the most trying to society. The man without a good word for anyone, whose insinuations and inuendos play havoc with reputation and ruin friendship, is perhaps the most contemptible of the evil tongued tribe. The "cut" is forever at the tip of his tongue, and the sneer forms upon his lips as naturally as breathing. With a smile he thrusts his stiletto into character, and laughs at the conflagration his fiendishness has caused.

There is one consolation, this kind of thing gets back. The gall and wormwood you have mixed for other people will one day be handed to you in the chalice of your own creating, and your own heart will be filled with the bitterness of hell. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue, and they that lave it shall eat the fruit thereof."

**THEIR
DESTRUCTION**

"Give a beggar a horse and he will ride to the devil," is not a proverb of Solomon, but the same truth is represented in the words, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." It takes a man with a good head to stand success. The ruin of some men is prosperity. They make good neighbors, decent citizens and faithful husbands until they get on in the world, and then the Devil himself can hardly stand them. Of all the pitiable objects in the world the pin headed ape that has by some strange fortune made a little money is the most harrowing. He proceeds to impress his importance upon everybody within range with a diligence that is appalling. He writes lawyer's letters to his neighbors about encroaching fences or eavetroughs, is nasty to those who have to sell him goods, and walks down the aisle at church with a "keep off the grass" air that would make a mule smile in fly time. On a Sunday morning recently one of these individuals who happens to be an usher in a local church, was strutting about, and excited the attention of a very small boy who eyed him for some time. In a stage whisper the lad asked his parent, who sat next him, "Say, Pa! is this God's house?" On being informed by a nod and a smile that such was the case, after a pause of a few minutes the youngster pointing to the pompous usher enquired again,

"Say, Pa ! is that God over there ?" He thought the gentleman in question looked as though he owned the house.

**SMALL
TURNIPS**

All the little men are not in the peanut business. In almost every half bushel there are some small turnips, whether the measure represent business men or church members. The worst of it is these scrub vegetables keep coming to the top and discredit their betters. Mean men are really in the minority in the world, and if they did not have so much mouth and cheek they would scarcely be noticed, but like weeds and all other things they are not wanted, they are hard to keep down. They are foremost usually in moving resolutions at business meetings, and are the first on their feet in religious gatherings. They can talk longer and pray louder than seven men that can render a reason or ten men that keep the golden rule. They manage to get on delegations to conventions, and are shoved into office through the sheer weariness of those who are glad of any expedient to secure relief from their presence and power of their jaws. They are nothing if not at the front of the show, and will do anything but spend money to get there. They do not believe in advertising, but if they can get a free write-up with a cut of themselves thrown in gratis in the local paper, they will lend countenance to the thing, and before they are through want to give the newspaper man twice as much matter as he is willing to devote to their virtues. The little fellow is always sweetly saying nasty things about his competitors, and volunteering confidential information concerning his neighbors that is not calculated to enhance their commercial rating. There is no more honest humor or genuine joy in his metallic laugh than there is music in the rattle of a cow bell,

and yet the laugh is always on tap and the hand always out like a pump handle. What to do with these creatures who are all sting and no honey, it is as hard to say for ministers as business men. It is related of Henry Ward Beecher that a young man came to him and stated that he had intended joining his church but he had concluded that he would not do so, because he knew two or three men in it that were of the class above mentioned. "I have often wondered," said Mr. Beecher, "Why the Lord permitted men like those to whom you have referred, to be in the church, but now I understand it. It is to keep fools like you out." Men don't stay out of business because there are a few shysters in it.

**GRUNTS AND
GRUNTERS**

Ignorance is the mother of impudence. When you find a man finding fault with everything that is put before him at a hotel table, you can put it down that he was brought up in a shack and was glad once to get his meals off a packing box. The man who parades his importance and who insists upon being waited upon hand and foot, is usually a bog trotter, who has not to go far back to run up against a pick or a bucksaw. We meet these people everywhere—on the street cars, railway trains, in hotel corridors and in stores, who act the farce until it makes one regret that the fool killer has quit the job. A very pompous alderman in a city not a hundred miles from Toronto, who was noted for the money he had and the brains he hadn't, was a striking example of this characteristic. He undertook to interfere unnecessarily with a corporation foreman one day, and the latter snubbed him. "Do you know who I am sir?" he said, swelling himself out like a bull paddy, and glaring at the man of fustian. "Yes," replied the other quietly

with a twinkle, while the other employees leaned on their picks to hear the sequel. "You are Jimmie H., and I helped to carry all you owned on my back from the wharf when you landed in this country." The wealthy alderman strutted off with dire threats of vengeance, but he kept away from the job afterwards. When the hog can't do anything else it can grunt, and some folks have no other way of inspiring folks with their size. Don't grunt. People who do business with you will justly put you down for a pig. Treat people civilly. When a man comes in to sell you goods, don't grunt. When a firm writes you about your account, don't grunt. When your wife or children approach you, don't grunt. When the preacher touches up your failings, don't grunt. Pigs grunt.

GROWLERS AND GROWLING

An empty head and a big mouth are the qualifications for professional criticism. When a man's ideas are sufficiently numerous to hold themselves together without rattling, the world has peace and preachers have sunshine, but every fool must express himself. If you are to believe some people, the whole world is wrong and they are the only ones who know it. All clocks, yea the sun itself must move in harmony with their watches or they are not "in it." These soreheads find fault with government, society, business and religion in turn, and insist on having their say. The country is going to the devil because their party is out of power, and they are just waiting for the eternal smash. They find fault with rich people for being rich and poor folk for being poor, and with the world at large for not appreciating them. Business they always insist is going to the "bow-wows," and good times will come again no more. They go bellyaching around about how things were when they

were young, and, like a millstone about the neck of their own business, their conservatism throttles every effort of younger blood to keep things moving. In religion everybody is a hypocrite and a sham, and there is "none righteous, no not one," with the exception perhaps of their own sweet selves. They can look right into the hearts of their fellows and discern the underlying motives of all their words and acts. They can transcend angels in their power of looking into the mysteries of godliness. Your poor little puling growler, the reason that you are alive is that your carcass is not worth putting buckshot into or your skin worth taking off, or your breed would have been extinct long ago. If the moon had ever been open to impressions made by critics of your type, the baying of the curs that have shed their noise at it since the creation would have put out its light long before the flood. Keep on barking, old fellow, the world would be lonesome without critics.

**BE WHOLE-
SOULED**

Wholesomeness is a good thing wherever you find it. We get so much of slickness and calculation that it is refreshing to find now and then a man who has none of the veneer or polish that constitute the business make-up of so many. There are some people who shake hands with you and smile whom you know wish you in Jericho or care as little about you as a South Sea Islander. There is an occasional hearty open-handed man or woman who takes a genuine pleasure out of making your acquaintance and exchanging ideas. Some of these are called soft and are frequently "taken in" it is true, but they have a satisfaction that can never belong to the sinister, calculating fellow who catalogues you according to whether you are of use to him or not. The man who

is sound in head and simple in heart is "taken in" but he gets "into" places that no cold-blooded cynic even sees. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh." It is worth a great deal for its own sake.

BE CONTENT Don't worry because your neighbor's wife gives pink teas and cuts a swath in society while yours has to be content with the church tea meeting as a social function. You don't know what your neighbor has to take with the pink teas; if you did it might make you and your wife feel a little more contented. The question "where does the money come from" often has a most tragic answer. If you have a happy home and are paying your way let the other fellow have the excitement and worry of keeping up appearances in society. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Money and place are not everything. There are men and women in high positions who envy their servants and others who have no anxiety beyond the day's duties. The happiest man on earth is he who has learned "in whatsoever state he is therewith to be content."

WHEN TO QUIT He is a wise man who knows when to leave a burning building. There is a point where courage becomes mere bravado, and bravery foolhardiness. Plenty of good men have lost their lives through not knowing when to quit. Many more have lost their souls as well as their bodies by not being able to see the danger ahead, or seeing it by neglecting the warning. "A wise man feareth and departeth from evil but the fool rageth and is confident." Don't wait for the roof to fall on you. If you are on the road to ruin either physical, commercial or moral,

get out of the road while there is time. There is no man but receives plenty of timely hints as to what is ahead of him. The trouble is we all think we are so smart that we will escape while the other fellow gets caught. People gamble with death and risk eternity for a mere handful of wind. "The fool rageth and is confident." Don't be a fool.

Brains can never be mistaken for bump-
BRAINS AND GALL tiousness. When you see a man acting as though he thought he was the only real thing, you can put it down that he is a "job lot." If you have anything under your hair that is worth carrying around you will not have to stand on the corner and invite people to look at you or feel that you have to say things that will cause them to stare. There are some people in this world who imagine that to be considered wise they must be "eccentric" and they immediately proceed to make themselves a nuisance to their friends and a source of amusement to the general public. Nevertheless the public which likes to be humbugged manifests its peculiarity along this line now and then, permitting quack philosophers to gain a place of more or less prominence in the public eye. Cheek and gall thus thrust a man into a prominence although they will never keep him off the dead level of brainless egotism.

If it be, as some of our judges say, that
PERJURED LIARS perjury is becoming fearfully common, what is the cause and where the remedy? Almost every notable trial brings a revelation of contumacy that is astounding, and judges tell witnesses to their faces that they are not telling the truth. Is not wilful perjury the result of the widespread spirit of de-

ception and crookedness that seems to be a product of our times? Why should it be considered any more dreadful that a man in a court of law should kiss the Bible and tell untruths than to stand in his store and lie to travellers or sell goods that he knows are not what he claims them to be. The perjury that so shocks us is but the surface revelation of moral corruption that is permeating society. We need in this age not as a century ago a crusade against the coarser vices of drunkenness and licentiousness but against dishonesty and crookedness in every-day life.

MAKE THEM LEVEL

Road making is down to a science these days, and we experience little of the discomfort and danger that fell to the lot of our fathers, when asphalt pavements and electric lights were in the nebulous future. In country districts, however, the individual still has to turn out and do his share of road work at this time of the year. There is a kind of road making in which we are all called upon to do our part whether in town or country. The Wise Man says: "Make level the path of thy feet." In other words, keep your part of the roadway of life clean and smooth. If every individual ratepayer would do his duty there would be little need of Good Roads Associations. If every man would keep the path in front of his door in good repair, there would be little need for societies for the suppression of vice. Just as there are men who throw upon the community the responsibility for bad roads, there are those who snivel about the impossibility of straight living. When you hear a man talking about the impossibility of living a true life in business or socially, you need to look out for him. It is such a pity, you know, that the Devil and other people

make it so hard to keep the holes filled up. The trouble is that these little fellows do not mind the holes until they get so big that they jolt them into the police court or ruin their reputation. Keep the road level, son. Little holes soon become big ones, and big holes are hell holes, and you may slip through.

**MORAL
SCAVENGERS**

The refuge of the guttersnipe is mud. He who lives in a glass house should not throw stones, but at the same time the man who smashes the windows of the stone-thrower is none the better for the argument. Evil for evil is poor policy anywhere, but, when evil is used to threaten it shows the mind of the dastard. Blackmail is the worst kind of scoundrelism, but the man who can tell the difference between it and the saw-off that prevents exposure of wrong has, to say the least, a remarkable faculty for discernment. "If you tell on me I will tell on you, and if you keep your tongue in your cheek I will hold mine." There is too much of this winking at wrong and compounding of felony. The man who hides a wrong is as bad as the man who perpetrates it. It is in the interests of society that one should be regarded as crooked as the other. There are some things, however, that are dragged to the light that have no business being thrust under the nose of any but those who are interested in moral scavenging. There are some people who thrive on the atmosphere of the dump.

**PARTNERS
WITH THIEVES**

There are men who would not steal for the world, but who never hesitate to pocket the proceeds of theft when they get the chance. Fear of the penitentiary and public obloquy prevent them slipping

their fingers into their neighbor's pockets, or forcing his back window with a "jimmie"; but if someone else will do it for them in a safe way, they have no objection to help dispose of the swag. There are men in business who would not think of being dishonest themselves, but have no compunction in participating in the results of the dishonesty of those about them. We have known men to hold up their hands and roll their eyes lugubriously at the lack of morality on the part of "wicked partners," who at the end of the year insisted upon an equal division of the spoil. The thief who makes no bones about his profession, and the shyster who avows his intention to "do up" everyone he can, is a prince to this snivelling hypocrite, who "devours widows' houses and for a pretence makes long prayers."

DO IT There are some folks who are forever on the verge of "doing something." They make elaborate preparations, warn their friends, brace themselves for the effort, and end with some flabby act of hopeless mediocrity that disgusts everybody. They mean well, but their mouths are larger than their heads, and their ideas than their capacity for carrying them out. This trait would be amusing if it were not so annoying; but the man with great expectations has the knack of getting everybody and everything about him in a state of restlessness and worriment that is most exasperating at times. A man who fusses will never do anything truly great. The man of genius is a man of depth, and there is no depth where there is noise and foam. Greatness is almost invariably associated with unconsciousness. An ounce of doing is worth a ton of talk about what you expect to do. If some men would quit talking about what they are going to do

and get down to putting into each day some finished task or some effort laid upon a solid foundation of purposeful thought we would be nearer the business as well as the religious millenium. It makes one sick to see a man roll up his sleeves, spit on his hands, take up the shovel and after two or three feeble thrusts sit down beside it. Do not be eternally hunting up some big job to simply walk around it. Put an effort in the task that lies before you. Do what you have found to do with your might not with your mouth.

**GETTING
HIT**

The process is never very pleasing, but it is usually wholesome whether applied to children or men. The gad is a good thing for a boy and is no less helpful to men if properly applied. We do not expect that the pointed remarks in these columns will put people to sleep, and are not at all disturbed when we occasionally receive a communication that is calculated to wither us beyond resurrection. We are accustomed to being called bilious, vulgar and irreligious by a class of people who are shocked into indignation by the garish light into which their foibles and iniquities are cast by our reflections. Recently we were taken to task at considerable length by a writer who claimed "Solomon" ran amuck, and accused us of general Ishmaelitism. The writer prefaced his comments as writers of this ilk usually do, with the statement that there was nothing in the "shots" that touched him personally. We would put up a hat against a button off last year's coat that the fellow has got hit in a vital spot, we should judge from the snappishness of his remarks, along the whiskey line. We never knew a man yet who grew indignant over the plain speech of a preacher who was not crooked along some of the lines

against which the preacher laid his plummet. A man has only to hit out along the line of common failings to see a whole flock of lame ducks waddle out of the way and sit up and quack about vulgarity and obscenity. When you find a fellow finding fault with the plain talk of a preacher put it down that he has been winged. As for our critic, we advise him to give the whiskey devil a wide berth. You may think you are smarter than some of the world's clever men who have fallen under his relentless despotism, but he will surely get you down. You will remember this some day with bitterness when it is perhaps too late.

LOVE NEVER FAILETH

The words of the Wise Man, "A friend loveth at all times," are caught up by the writer of the Epistle to the Corinthians and set in the very apex of that tiara of magnificence that glorifies love, as the "summum bonum," "Love never faileth." That which is commonly called love, fails—love, never. It "abideth" through good report and ill, "for better or for worse." It shines iridescent when faith fades into a filmy shadow, and hope becomes a whispering echo—"Love never faileth." It is the highest attribute of deity—"God is love," love unchangeable, eternal. "He maketh his sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." It is the rareness of love that has caused to be embalmed in history examples such as those of "Damon and Pythias" and "David and Jonathan." There is so much of love that is "of the earth earthy," that it is little wonder that we grow cynical. Love put on and off like a necktie, is a sham, love "abideth." Love that manifests itself in narrow jealousy is specious; love "envieth not." Love that is querulous, exacting and critical is

selfish ; love "seeketh not her own." Love that runs one day and falters the next is fickle ; love "never faileth." Be broad, be strong, be true, be great in your friendship. Be God-like—love !

LOVING DEATH

No matter what people may say about not fearing death, this natural enemy of mankind is repulsive to every healthy human being. The fear of death is as natural as the love of everything that is beautiful and bright. That one should love death is beyond comprehension, and yet the wise man says there are people who love death, and he is right. Wisdom in her personification is made to say, "All they that hate me love death." The man that despises wisdom and truth allies himself to all the forces that make for physical, moral and spiritual death. The wisdom here referred to is sanctified common sense that takes into account a man's duty to himself, his neighbor and his Maker. The man who is faithful in all pertaining to himself, not in the selfish sense, but in the sense of exacting of himself and for himself that which is conducive to his well-being, is a wise man. He who regards his acts in the light of their relation not only to himself, but others, is a wiser man. He who weighs his thoughts, words and acts in the light not only of duty to himself and his fellows, but in the higher conception of his relationship to God himself, is the wisest. Unfortunately there are people who stop at one of these points without thought of the others. We have the fanatical religionist, who leaves himself, his family and his neighbor out of the count ; the professional philanthropist, who denies self and forgets God, is another type, and the third is the man with whom the beginning and end of the universe is his own little avoirdupois of flesh and blood. The world only needs the rounded wisdom

of all these three conceptions of duty to make it a veritable paradise. He that covets such wisdom covets the highest kind of life; he who ignores such wisdom loves death. Sin against self is folly, sin against one's neighbor crime, sin against the Almighty is madness. "All they that hate me love death."

**RELIGIOUS
ABORTIONS**

The awful caricatures that walk forth in the dawn of the twentieth century labelled "religion" are enough to make people ask where the vain imagination of men in these matters will end. Religion instead of conveying the original thought of binding a man to some settled definite course of life has come to represent to a large extent a looseness of thought and act that is far from this conception. For one thing religion is expected to bind a man to honest living. One can hardly conceive that it should be necessary to insist on this point, and yet there are people making the loudest kind of profession who are not really honorable if honest. We have heard men get up and tell how much the Lord had "done" for them and how he had "used" them, and the same men could not be made to pay their debts with a sheriff's writ. If the Lord would help some of the people, who name His name, to get square on the books of the people they deal with, more would be done for the cause of religion in a week than if He "used" them from now until His return in bringing sinners from the error of their ways. The kind of revival that this earth needs, to pave the way for the millenium, is a revival of common sense and honesty. If some of the people who profess "to be led by the Spirit" would get down to doing the square thing with their families and neighbors the church would take on healthy growth. When you hear a man prate

about being "filled with the Spirit," and know that he does not live peaceably with his wife, that he does not pay his store bills, that he gouges his creditors, or that he does not know how to speak to a traveller decently, you may put it down that it is the spirit of the Devil. Religion that does not bind a man to be square is not worth a tinker's curse.

**MUST TOE
THE MARK**

"There is no discharge in that war." We must all round up in the "Valley" and capitulate to the last great invincible enemy of mankind. No matter what the victories in social, business or national life, we must finally strike our colors, ground our arms and pass under the yoke. But life is so imminent and the grave so remote that we brush aside the suggestion that

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
Await alike the inevitable hour."

It is a good thing for this race that the thundering phalanxes march to the grave with unfaltering steps. While it may be true that "in the midst of life we are in death," the sickly sentimentality that gives undue prominence to this end of man and spends life in lugubrious contemplation of death is to be despised. There is a class of people who roll their eyes and revel in the thought that the grim Nemesis is on the track of the sons of Adam. One of these individuals stopped a man on the street the other night and solemnly asked him if he was prepared to die. Taking his questioner for a footpad the pedestrian promptly knocked him down and the over-zealous crank has since had time to meditate upon the Wise Man's remark that there is a place for everything under the sun. Too few, however, realize that the time within which they must get in their life

work is all too brief. Taking the average life to be thirty-five years, and deducting the period of youth, we have about fifteen years, two-thirds are spent in sleep and recreation—leaving an average of five whole years for serious effort. And yet some people settle down to have “a good time.” The sordidness of this conception of life calls for little comment. If the world is no better for your having lived in it; if you have not contributed your quota to the weal of the race, whether you live months or years, whether you amass wealth or end your days in poverty, whether you are honored or unsung, your life will have been a miserable failure in the sight of God and man.

THE WILES OF SMILES

Shakespeare, next to Solomon, understood human nature better than any man who ever lived. He says: “A man may smile and smile and be a villain,” which is equivalent to what the wise man meant when he said, “A man that flattereth his neighbor spreadeth a net for his feet.” Beware of him who proclaims your virtues to your face. He is either a fool or a knave, ten to one the latter. The churl is infinitely preferable to the honey-tongued hypocrite who lavishes his compliments with even hand upon the just and the unjust. Some of the meanest hounds that ever passed for men could out-smile a seraph. A pleasant countenance is ever a delight to the eye when it is an index to an honest heart, but kindness of look or speech when feigned, is as the deadly nightshade. Flattery is always an indication of insincerity. It is always safe to reckon that the man whom you allow to tell you what a fine fellow you are, will furnish the next man he meets with the gratuitous information that you are an ass. Some

flatterers exercise their wiles to provoke a reciprocity in compliments, somewhat as the cat rubs against one's legs to attract notice and caress. Such are perhaps harmless, but in any case suspicion is always warrantable.

**PASSING IT
ON**

It is funny how generous people are in some things. The man in front of you on Sunday will pass back the collection plate with a nod that is only excelled by the cheerfulness with which he and others pass back some of the points in the sermon to their neighbors. The despair of preachers is the complacency with which the congregation will fit their remarks to those about them. The most of us are afflicted with moral longsight and can see the mote in our brother's eye at a thousand yards when we cannot perceive the beam in our own with an ordinary hand-glass. Some of the people who enjoy these "shots" derive great satisfaction from the ease with which they can fit the cap upon others. "I can just put my finger on the man that was intended for," says a reader, and he forthwith sends his victim a copy marked with blue pencil. Doubtless he retires at night with the feeling of satisfaction that comes from the belief that he has turned a sinner from the error of his ways. It is disappointing to load up with a good dose of buckshot and have somebody catch it and pass it back. It seems well nigh impossible to get under the hide of some people, even with a dum-dum bullet.

**OVER
HOPEFUL**

A balloon will help you to rise in the world, but before you step into the car have a care that the air ship is properly provided with a good valve and plenty of ballast. If gas only were needed, ballooning would be popular, and

aeronouts as plentiful as mosquitos in a New Jersey swamp. If a business could be run on hope, commercial agencies would be out of a job and insolvency would be as scarce as truth in an election campaign. Truth is good, but wind pudding will make neither a man nor a business fat. Hope is a fine companion but a poor guide; properly handled it brightens many a dark road, but blindly followed, like a will-o'-the-wisp it leads into ditch and bog. The over hopeful man carried away by a little success plunges into extravagance and speculation, and before he is properly started on the way to success is up to his neck in mud. All his goose eggs are to hatch swans. The profits of next month's business are in pocket if not already spent before the goods actually arrive in the store. Father Time's notes of hand are discounted so far in advance that the interest eats up the benefits of the "good time coming" long before the latter arrives. "Live in hope is a maxim too often preached as well as practised. "Live and hope" is a better one. Hope is like steam. Turn into the engine and it sets in motion the great machinery of life, but turn it up the exhaust pipe and you have nothing but noise and vapor with the attendant discomfort and disgust to everybody about. The amount of energy that is lost to the world every day through misdirected hope is appalling.

SOMETHING NEW

The wise man says there is nothing new under the sun. That is the trouble with the son in these days of grace. There was a time when a good new shingle or an old-fashioned slipper under him started his thinking apparatus along moral and industrial lines at a pace that ensured the peace of the household and the welfare of the community. There is a sickly sentiment abroad that

corporal punishment is degrading, and it has become fashionable for educational faddists to quote Solomon's proverb about sparing the rod backwards. Ancient and modern history unite in substantiating the truth that a child left to himself will come to grief, and that one of the most wholesome corrections of youthful obliquity is judicious paddling. The brutality of parents and teachers who have used the remedy to extremes is responsible for the discredit attached to a method of discipline that is as old as the Garden of Eden. Where you will find one boy injured by the process you will find a hundred that have been ruined by its neglect. Punishment might have been included by Solomon in his list of things that have their proper place. That place, as far as the boy is concerned, should be that which nature intended for the purpose, and as far as the parent is concerned should consist in an instrument as broad as the mind that ought to wield it. Corporal punishment should be a last resort, but as a last resort it should be, as penologists say, not only punitive, but reformatory. It should cause no marks, but at the same time it should leave an impression so distinct and ineffaceable that the result will be healthy and permanent.

QUIT IT To get a broad, comprehensive view of human nature, stand at the church door on Sunday morning and hear the remarks of the congregation. Some old skinflint, who never relieved a widow's sigh or smoothed the path of childhood's feet with a copper cent, will grunt out his complaint about the churches "always begging." Some brainless, soulless butterfly, who has to keep off ennui with theatre going or euchre parties, will lisp out some criticism about the tiresomeness of this continual talk

about sin and its results. Along will come some old blackguard, who would be ashamed to have his wife know where he spends three nights out of six, and he turns up his nose at the vulgarity and plainness of the preacher. Another will remark about its being a fine sermon and start off the statement that it is all very well to talk, but you can't apply the "Sermon on the Mount" to business these days. By far the majority acquiesce in the preachers sentiments and form resolutions to live up to his teaching, but their foot does not leave the last of the church steps until the good impressions and intentions are swallowed by the rush of associations and habits. There are people who accept every word of Solomon in regard to strong drink, swearing and meanness generally, as sound morally, ethically and commercially, but who still scorch their vitals with whiskey, pollute their mouths with profanity and degrade their manhood with contemptible and dishonorable practices. We would like to see a little more genuine results in the lives of the readers of this column than the frequent expressions of approval that reach us from time to time. Quit the business. As the great David said to his greater son just before he left him the heritage of a throne and a good name: "Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man." No more apt counsel could be given at any time of the year, but with New Year resolutions in view we press it upon our readers.

COME OUT No man who has any respect for himself will be associated in business with a man he knows to be unprincipled or dishonest. He cannot afford it. In our school readers years ago we had the story of "Tray and Snap," the good and bad dogs, and we know what happened with Tray in

spite of his innocence. The inevitable result is loss of both respect and confidence, and often degeneration to the same moral level. Cases of a decent righteous man reforming an unscrupulous thieving partner are as rare as a chaste virtuous woman reclaiming a worthless, drunken man by marrying him, and the process is quite as dangerous. All the money of a Croesus will not atone for loss of character. Better work in a drain at a dollar a day and have a "conscience void of offence" than be "clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day," and know you ought to be wearing stripes. "Whoso is partner with a thief hateth his own soul."

**SMALL
POTATOES**

Speaking of small men the liliputians are not all found in museums. There are a few in business. Some of these intellectual Tom Thumbs are so exceedingly diminutive that if ten thousand of them were put in a peanut shell it would still rattle. A good story comes from up north somewhere which illustrates that kind of closeness that is sometimes compared to the paper on the wall. A merchant doing a general store business advertised that for a certain length of time he would give a free drink with every purchase. A few days later a granger appeared in the store enquiring if that was the establishment where they gave free drinks with every sale. On being assured that he was in the right place and that produce would be accepted as payment, he fished out a good sized egg and asked for the worth of it in darning needles. The trade was satisfactorily arranged, and notwithstanding its proportions the proprietor invited his customer to the rear of the store to partake of liquid refreshment. On being asked his particular failing in respect to drinks the horny-fisted son of

toil expressed a preference for egg-nogg, and the merchant somewhat amused broke the one egg that represented his customer's purchase money into the glass. As the soft golden mass fell to the bottom it was discovered that the egg was double-yolked. "Hold on, Mister," said the farmer, "you owe me a couple more needles. That yere egg haz two yokes." A traveller had by dint of much haggling secured a fairly large sized order from a customer. The price in every line was fought to a finish. Then came the question of terms which the merchant claimed to be four months, but which the traveller, on the prices made, figured at sixty days. After a sharp battle it was settled at five off sixty days. Then the question of freights was raised by the retailer who was scandalized at the idea of his having to pay it. The order was finally marked "freight paid." After one or two more concessions had been granted the deal was considered completed. Taking his order blank and totaling up the columns the traveller said to the customer: "See here, I think we can simplify the whole thing. You pay us simply the discounts and freight on this bill and we will ship you the goods." There are some people who the more you give them the more they will squeeze. This kind of highway robbery is as popular just now as fall fairs, but when now and then the thugs who carry it on get it in the neck, decent people throw up their hats and rejoice.

**NO POCKETS
IN SHROUDS**

You would hardly think, to see the number of people who are on the dead run for the dollar, that the gold and silver question is a dead issue on the other side of the grave. They work for the dollar, worry for it, starve for it, steal for it, kill for it, sell themselves body and bones to

possess it, and all to see it fall from their clutches as the grim reaper sweeps them from the fields of time into the garner of eternity. How riches elude us even here ! Stand at the busy mart, note the throngs as they pass, and mark the "deceitfulness of riches." Count the men who once were called successful, who drove fine equipages and lived in brown stone mansions, but now wear seedy clothes and last year's hats. Fortune is a fickle goddess. A man is rich to-day and to-morrow he may be living on the community. This thought should teach us humility and increase our sympathy for the unfortunate. It should also lead us to be more careful how we gather riches. When all a man leaves behind is a fat wallet he has indeed made a sad fizzle of life. "For riches are not forever." "And as he came forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return to go as he came, and shall take nothing of his labor which he may carry away in his hand."

**MAKE IT
HONESTLY**

There was a man a few years ago who got out of a respectable business to open a hotel in a Scott act county, expecting to make a fortune selling liquor in defiance of the law. A friend of his met him just before he began the undertaking and said to him, "J—, you have been making a comfortable living at the business you have been in so far, haven't you?" "Yes, I have," was the reply, "but I don't propose to go on working and slaving for a bare living. I think in my new venture I can make a tolerably good thing in four or five years, and get out with a little balance in the bank, and, at the same time, not have worked half as hard." "J—," said the friend, "you mark my words. It will be a curse to you and your family, and you will lose every dollar you ever owned, and I certainly hope you will." Six years or

more passed and neither met. At a certain celebration in an eastern city, the friend relates, he was hurrying along the crowded street, when whom should he see but J—, rather much the worse for wear. "Hello, J—," said he, stretching out his hand, "how are you getting along, how is the family?" "Oh," said J—, "I haven't got any now. My wife and children are stopping with her folks, and I do not see them often. You see, I met with bad luck up at X—. I was fined twice, and was up the third time and had to skip, and somehow there was no money in the thing. I have just got back from the States, and am waiting for something to turn up." "What about the bank account?" interrupted the friend. "Oh, that's all cleared out long ago," and the bleary eyes revealed where any small remainder went. The friend did not say, "I told you so," but putting his hand on J—'s shoulder, expressed the hope that he would still be a man and get into some honest employment. Every day one sees the words of the wise man verified, "Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished."

One reason why the millenium seems so far off at this twentieth century dawn is that most people have their hands so occupied that they cannot make even a left handed effort to reach their less fortunate fellows. Life has gotten to be such an eternal grab that, with both hands full, greedy getters snatch still at passing chances with their teeth. Saint and sinner seem to vie with each other in mad rush after the dollar until we can almost spell creed with a "g." This feverish, ungodly thirst for gain is fast crushing out all the noble instincts of the race. Surely the whole of life is not the piling up of money or the making of a big name. The words of Solomon: "Bet-

ONE OR TWO

ter is a handful with quietness, than both hands full with travail and vexation of spirit," have a deeper meaning than simply illustrating the folly of individual accumulation at the expense of peace and happiness of mind. The curse of this age is the men with their hands, mouths, ears, stomachs, pockets and stockings so full of the product of their selfish getting that the widow's tears are unpitied, the orphan's plea unheard and the cry of the poor ascends to heaven against the inequality of conditions which makes possible such injustice. Woe to the man with hands so full that he cannot grip some poor sinking wretch or get in a bodyblow on some evil that threatens the common weal. We hardly know which is the worse, the man who sits down behind a boulder and enjoys his handful "with quietness" while the 4.7 guns of the devil are pouring their hissing shrapnel or detonating lyddite into the quivering helpless masses around him, or the hog-eyed, pot-bellied scrub who gathers the spoil amid the cries of the anguished and the groans of the dying and takes himself off to gloat over his success.

SPLENDID ISOLATION

There are some men whose idea of independence seems to be a compound of narrowness, mulishness, selfishness and bumptiousness that is as hard as flint but as mean and cheap as mud. They stand alone and sniff at the very idea of their dependence upon other people's opinions and good will. Theirs is the splendid isolation of the clam who thinks when he shuts his dirty little shell that he has comprehended within it the earth and the fulness thereof. These people have to learn the truth of the apostolic statement as applied to every day life—"No man liveth unto himself." The man who shuts himself

in forgets that the world shuts him out by the same door. The world will leave absolutely alone the man who desires nothing but his own company, so that there is no difficulty in securing isolation. A great many people find fault with the world and the church, for that matter, for their cold, hard indifference to individual interests; but they seldom pause to ask themselves if there be no reason for such a condition in the individual himself. To the open-hearted the world is ever open-hearted. It gives a quid pro quo every time. You smile at it and you get a smile in return; turn up your nose at the world and it will as cordially despise you. If you are not getting a share of the world's appreciation look within; "sin lieth at the door" in the shape of some disregard of its golden rule. A man may stand alone for a considerable time and may even thrive in his splendid isolation; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth. Woe to the man when he lies prone upon the earth whose stiletto of cynicism or spite has stilled every trace of sympathy that may have throbbed for him in the hearts of others. Woe to the man for whom, on account of his own self-banishment from the sympathies of a living world no hand is outstretched to steady his staggering steps or lift him from the slough of misfortune or distress. Yea, woe unto him!

LOST YOUR GRIP You are not the man you once were and certainly not the man you thought you would be five or ten years ago. You have lost your grip. You had a clear head for business, were as bright as a new dollar and as far-sighted in a deal as an eagle and as hopeful as a boy just fresh from school. Now you are an old rag. You are living a day at a time and walking with a feeling of dread as to

what may be before you. You have lost interest in your business, your family, your friends and, saddest of all, yourself. Your obligations are indifferently met, your books are behind six months or more and you feel sometimes as though everything were going to the devil. And so it is. Listen ! Do you think you can do any better at that game than thousands of men as good and better who have tried it ? Don't you know that "None that go unto her return again neither take they hold of the paths of life" ? Can't you kick with your feet the bones of those who have travelled that same path before you ? Do you not see the hell that yawns at your feet ? Yea, you see it, but the awful spell is upon your soul and you are drawn consciously into the vortex. Make a desperate break for liberty. At all costs cut yourself loose. Take your last chance. Get back to the path of life.

THE BLACK MOUTH

There is a disease that plays almost as much havoc with humanity as drunkenness and it is twice as hard to reach because of its respectability. You cannot judge a man's mouth by the number of gold fillings that adorn his front teeth or a woman by the pearly whiteness that is disclosed by her rapturous smile. The dentist or a well-applied tooth brush often keep in splendid repair a fence that encloses a hell pit of meanness and corruption as deep as perdition itself. When a man gets the black mouth his case is as hopeless almost as the leper and he ought to be driven by society into the ostracism that this moral uncleanness deserves. There are some people who have not a good word for anybody. The sneer, the innuendo and the bitter invective are ready for use at all times, and the innocent, the unfortunate and the helpless are their special prey. There is to them no such thing as goodness because they have throttled every

spark of charity and knifed every noble aspiration that ever existed in their small souls. Were it not for the highly contagious nature of this disease there would be little use referring to it; but there is perhaps a chance of turning aside possible victims of the fell malady. Realizing this fact the wise man says: "Put away from thee a forward mouth and perverse lips put far from thee." Learn to speak well of people. If you can't say anything good of a man say nothing evil. A pure, sweet mouth is more to you than the satisfaction of expressing even what you feel justified in saying. Never get the reputation of being one of those vermin of society who exist upon the life blood of other people's reputations. If you would be a murderer take a dagger or a pistol and go out and live the life of Cain, taking the consequences; but don't sneak about in society or haunt the pews of a Christian church and carry on this dastardly slaughter of human souls. To those who are tempted in the direction of loose tongues and who have as yet not developed into character assassins we would say get the unruly member under. Nip the disease in the bud. The first time you are tempted to backbite a business competitor or a social acquaintance close your teeth and bid your tongue be still.

He is a wise man who can say with
HE HIT IT Paul "I have learned in whatsoever
state I am therewith to be content."

Now Paul did not sit down and expect to be spoon fed. There are some people who seem to take a great deal of comfort out of the promise "The Lord will provide," and they implicitly follow the injunction "take no thought for the morrow." These are the people who leave widows and orphans for which their relatives, friends and the community at large have to provide. There is a

wide difference between contentment and shiftlessness. Paul was content to be wherever he found swing for his indomitable aim and his tireless energy. If you put him down in Asia or in Europe, in Jerusalem or Rome it was all the same so long as he could fulfil what he considered to be his great mission. To be content is to give oneself fully to the filling of whatever sphere he is placed in. There is no happiness comparable to that which comes from the realization that we are occupying to the fullest our niche. There is a great deal of senseless striving after that which is only a disappointment and anxiety when it is attained. Says the Wise Man, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with the food that is needful for me; lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, 'Who is the Lord?' or lest I be poor and steal and use profanely the name of my God." Being is better than getting. Learn to be content. Fill your sphere and you will have discovered the secret.

**LOWLY
WISDOM**

It is written, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and some would apply this same philosophy to the mind. If such were the case we might well pray to be delivered from the "abundance" that is proclaimed by some mouths. But the contrary is the truth, for out of the emptiness of the mind, nine times out of ten the jaw waggeth. A full head means a closed mouth. Put that down. It is the shallow brook that babbles most; it is the empty wagon that makes the greatest clatter. The people who are most anxious to hear their own voices are those who know least what they are talking about. It is usually the most difficult thing to get men with a comprehensive knowledge of a subject to express their views. Those who have spent a lifetime

studying and thinking are very chary of talking. On the other hand, the less some people know the more ready they are to twitter. It is easy in a meeting to tell the babbler and dabbler from his readiness to "chip in." The "wise man keepeth it till afterward." A good story is told of the great Scotch preacher, John McNeil. He recently delivered a sermon on the taking of Jericho. In his usual graphic style he described the historic tactics of Joshua and the host of Israel as they marched round the walled city day by day in solemn silence. The preacher painted a most thrilling picture of the great army and its daily round and as he closed the account of the first day's peregrinations and led the weary people back to the camp, an enthusiastic member of the congregation expressed his satisfaction by a lusty "Praise the Lord!" Mr. McNeil paused, and in his comical way looked down at the interrupter. He proceeded once more with the description, and at the end of the second day the outburst came again in a "Hallelujah!" that could be heard all over the house. The preacher turned square upon the noisy fellow and stood looking at him for about ten seconds. At the end of the third day came another ejaculation, and McNeil, leaning far over the pulpit, thundered in broadest Scotch: "Mon dae ye no ken there was to be nae shootin' till the laist roond!" People who "go off" on the slightest provocation are generally three-quarters gas and one-quarter conceit. "With the lowly is wisdom."

**YOU NEED
MEDICINE**

If the world is all askew, and everything is going to the bow-wows at home, in the office or at the store, don't waste time telling your troubles even to a policeman. Don't take them to the church or even to the Lord, but

when you go to bed at night swallow a grain of calomel, and follow it next morning with a seidlitz powder. It is astonishing what a turn family prayers will take, and how a man's religious experiences will brighten when he surprises his liver with a shot like that. What most people need when they are what the boys call "grouchy" or "out of sorts" is not scolding or coddling, not preaching or prayer, but good vigorous allopathic treatment, that will get right to the spot at once. How a man can grow in grace and harbor a bad liver would puzzle the apostle Paul. The reason why we have so many cross-grained Christians and blue-goggled business men is that their physical apparatus is out of kilter. After all religion should reach the body as well as the soul, and the law of God written upon the liver should command just as much respect as that written upon the "fleshy tables of the heart." Better than physic is exercise, and we fear that all work and no play, of an invigorating character at least, is at the bottom of many of the commercial as well as physical breakdowns that are so common. Get after that old leathery liver of yours, old croaker, and your help as well as your church associates will prick up their ears, and think that the new year has brought you something worth while. After all, whether life is worth living depends upon the "liver."

**ONLY
TADPOLES**

The man who must be a big toad in the puddle or he won't play in it is invariably a little pollywog, whose room is better than his company. Much harm is done many a good cause by the little tadpoles, whose exaggerated ideas of their own importance lead them to stir up strife. The world is impartial in its judgment, and the

man who fills his sphere will find it expand as he occupies it. There is no need for swelling yourself up, and seeking to impress people with your size. They know how much gas is beneath your bloated mental corporation. "Do you see that consequential looking fellow fussing about the platform," said a gentleman the other day in a meeting. "If you stuck a pin into him he would collapse." There are plenty like him, not even bull paddies, but swelled tadpoles. Fill your place, however humble, and you will have the respect of the world, and best of all your own. When the "books" are made up in the "great day" there will be a revelation that will transcend all the history or fiction ever written. We shall then know the names of the men or perchance the women who held the ropes that night in Damascus, "when Paul of Tarsus was let down in a basket by the wall" and given to a needy world. The unsung heroes of earth's mighty conflicts will shine forth with a glory the lustre of which will not be enhanced by human partiality or dimmed by earthly prejudice. Act well your part. Be content to "hold the ropes" if you cannot fill the basket. Push behind it if you cannot find a place to pull in front. Work if you cannot plan. Follow if you cannot lead. Take your place with the crowd if you cannot get on the platform.

WATCH THE LEAKS

"Through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through." There is many a business that is being slowly swamped by small leaks. There is too little regard amongst employees for the flying minutes, the proper use of which means much in a year to the establishment. Ten minutes wasted by a half a dozen hands in a store means a whole hour a day, three working days in a month, and

thirty-nine days in a year. But this amount of time and more is frequently squandered in the most wanton manner, not only by employees but employers themselves. People who would faint at the thought of stealing money seem to have little compunction about pilfering time. The man who gives light weight or short measure, is pilloried as a scoundrel, but the fellow who holds back his time may teach a Sunday-School class, or be president of an Endeavor Society, and think the two things compatible. The "greater than Solomon" said "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." A man owes it to himself, as well as the firm who pays his salary, to give full measure in time and attention to the business in hand; anything short of that is fraud. Put that down. The business man who idles away opportunities for making money or improving his prospects, is on no higher plane than the clerk who does not earn his salary. He may say he is his own "boss," but that does not release him from his responsibility to his creditors and family. The man who is truly his own boss will prove it by exercising the same authority over himself that a judicious employer does over his help. See that you earn your salary old fellow, just as much as the clerks. Idle hands around a business these days will soon result in leaks. Down in the West Indies the shiftless negroes are accustomed to piously attribute all their troubles from the failure of the banana crop to a dripping roof to "Gor-a-Mighty." There are lots of lazy, slovenly business men who blame everybody but themselves for misfortune that is as certain to follow neglect as colic green apples.

There are men who would rather work
JUST THINK a day than think a minute; and they
live up to their convictions. It is mostly
because of this the poor are "always with us." You

have only to see the way some people go about their work to understand why they never make any headway. The man who uses his head will come out ahead, whether his business be handling a shovel or managing a bank. Brains win every time, and Providence exercises no partiality in their bestowment. The trouble is not that people are without brains, but that they do not use what they have. Some people imagine that they have to go to school or attend a university to get brains, but they forget that if a man has no brains education will only make the greater fool of him. It takes brains to shovel a ton of coal into a cellar in a quick, clean, satisfactory way, quite as much as it does to engineer a railroad. A winter or two ago, we employed a young man to attend to our furnace and to clean off snow, and who took what he could get in this way to keep the wolf from the door. He had not been at the job two days till everybody was impressed with the fact that he was putting brains into his work. Everything about the furnace was kept in "apple-pie" order, and the little things he did, that were not properly within the requirements of his position, marked him as quite superior to the employment he was at. It is needless to say that before the winter was over he was filling a responsible position in a large city establishment, where he has shown such ability that his career has been marked by constant advancement. On his retirement from the furnace business another took his place who was irregular in his work, slovenly, and though comparatively industrious had to be constantly reminded of things that a little thoughtfulness would have brought to his own attention. At last his forgetfulness and half-heartedness made him a nuisance and he had to go. He is still on the level of the furnace feeder and ashman simply be-

cause he would not think. It is troublesome and often tiresome to think, but the reward is sure and satisfying. The thinker will accomplish more in a month than the plodder will in a year, if he add to his thinking industry. The wise man says "Much study is a weariness of the flesh" and it is through fear of this weariness that so many of us just amble along and trust to luck to bring things out on the right side. Let us weary the flesh a little this year. Do more studying and less floundering.

**DO YOU
BELIEVE THIS?**

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." —Prov. 3:9, 10.) Translated into the Business Man's Bible it reads: Honor the Lord with a regular portion of thy profits, and with part of the returns on every new venture, so shall your bank account be always fat, and your profit and loss account at all times show a satisfactory balance. Do you believe it? Have you tried it?

**HOW DO
THEY POINT?**

How do your feet point? In this city some time ago a very effective advertisement was exploited by a local concern. The citizens awoke one morning to find upon the sidewalk the stencilled outlines of a pair of feet of unusual proportions that gave the impression that the city had been visited during the night by a legion of giants. The steps all led towards the centre of the city and converged at a certain store. Unconsciously one was led to follow or at least speculate upon the direction of the foot prints, and so the words of Solomon, "Remove thy foot from evil," suggest the question at the commencement of this paragraph. When you find a man's foot

turned in the direction of evil it needs not the foresight of a seer to say that he will wind up on the street or in the penitentiary. There is no such thing as chance. Everything depends upon the direction in which a man's boots point as to the goal he attains. If he sits down and twists his legs about the rungs of an arm chair day after day his goal will be a corner in the almshouse. If his toes point in the direction of the saloon and gambling hell his fortune will be that of the seedy individual looking for odd jobs, the blear-eyed, red-nosed soak or the close-cropped toiler who labors under the disability of a ball and chain. Young man, have your feet just begun to point in the direction of that vestibule of hell where sits the scarlet woman? Are you herding with the giddy fools who follow the siren of the devil's bandwagon. You have spent in the last two or three months much more than you have earned, and your feet are already in the mire of debt. You have had thoughts lately that have fairly staggered your conscience. Do you expect to stand this siege of the "principalities and powers of darkness"? Fool! "Remove thy foot." If you have to leave your boots in the mud, pull out! If you have to cut off the right foot and the left, too, and crawl out, delay not to make the sacrifice. There is less hope for you in your present position than there was for Cronje and his command, when surrounded by the flower of the British army. "Remove thy foot."

**DANGEROUS
MODELS**

When making up your gallery of heroes learn to discriminate between ferocity and determination, recklessness and courage, brutality and coolness. "Envy not the man of violence." Leave low, cunning, unscrupulous assassins like Nero to their thrones; give ambitious, blood-thirsty adventurers like Napoleon their fame; covet not

the influence and emoluments of political cut throats like Walpole. Whether dime novel ideas or the natural depravity of the human heart are responsible for the homage which false heroes still receive, it is hard to say. The trouble is that the world worships success and half the time is not over particular as to how it is attained. At the same time, with this modern devil-worship, there is ever a lingering consciousness on the part of the worshipper of the moral hideousness of the object adored. There are few who fall at the feet of the world's great scoundrels who do not recognize in their foul features the lineaments of the Emperor of Hell. When you are looking for a hero eschew these pot-metal gods that embody the lowest instincts of those whom God originally made in his own image. We have in mind at this moment a man who has made what people call a success of life. He is comparatively young and has managed to accumulate perhaps a couple of hundred thousand dollars. The making of money has become such a passion that he is as soulless as any graven image. He has lost every vestige of honor and faithfully lives up to the motto "Make money honestly if you can, but make it anyway." Not an employee respects him. He grinds his help, lies so uniformly and cheerfully that no one about him believes his word, and those who do business with him are careful to have their transactions in black and white. He will gloat more over chiseling a concern out of a few dollars' discount or allowance than an ordinary business man will rejoice over a profitable legitimate deal. The outside world sees his "success," but if you want to know whether this creature is worthy your emulation draw a little closer to the pedestal and behold how hollow and rotten the idol is. Young man be careful of your ideals. Before you

make your cast get a man for your subject or you may perpetrate the features of a thing or a devil.

**MISTAKES OF
NOAH**

Noah spent a hundred and twenty years in an effort to float his great life-saving enterprise and he had at last to make the concern a limited company and ring in his own family as stockholders in order to secure a board. From the fact that the rest of the world immediately afterwards went into liquidation it has been urged as a reason for his failure to arouse public interest that everybody was at the time tied up in amusement schemes and organizations for the promotion of matrimony. Modern critics claim that Noah's antedeluvian methods were largely responsible for his failure to float the undertaking with the success that ought to have been possible with the nominal price at which the common stock was offered. With the judicious use of "water" this venture, which must have had the appearance of a land scheme rather than a marine enterprise, might have caught investors; but the ways of the modern promoter were unknown to the patriarch and his times, and men were as shy then of solid legitimate enterprises as they seem to be to-day. If Noah had only subsidized the local press with blocks of preferred stock and boomed the scheme, who knows but that a different story might have been handed down to posterity. Some criticize the whole conception and aim of the undertaking, and suggest that had it contemplated a daylight excursion to the Aurora Borealis or a midnight trip to the lower regions any kind of a price might have been put on the admission and it would have taken a whole police force to keep back the rush of fools. The higher critics may carp at Noah and poke fun at the ark but the solemn truth conveyed by the story of the flood is as applicable to-day as when the "preacher of righteousness" tried for over a century to pound it into the pates of the giddy

sensuous crowd over whom hung the dark cloud of Divine judgment. It is just as difficult to-day in the business, social and religious world to get people to entertain serious thoughts of the responsibility of life and its shadowy uncertainty as then. "For man also knoweth not his time: as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in a snare, so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them."

LITTLE WORTH A rotten body is often the heritage of the man who follows evil to its bitter end; but sin has never done its worst until it has so crippled the heart and mind that the victim loses faith in everything and everybody. A rotten heart is the regimental badge of the "Devil's Own," and the skull and crossbones with "Death to Character" its insignia. No wonder Solomon says "The heart of the wicked is little worth." His father before him said "that it waxed "fat" and thus was only fit for soap grease. To the rotten heart all things are rotten. Every other heart is diagnosed by the same diseased standard and with a pessimism born of putrid character the judgment is passed that all men are rotten. That arrant schemer and polished shyster, Horace Walpole, out of the rottenness of his own heart, developed as an article of faith the saying "Every man has his price." A cynical temporizing Pilate with a record of treachery and lying sufficient to give him a place of equality with Beelzebub in the cohorts of the damned turns and asks with a sneer "What is truth?" When you find a man who constantly questions the honor of his fellows, the chastity of women, the sincerity of Christians, you may put it down that he has a rotten heart. Don't trust him with a watch-key. Never let him within your family circle. Keep away from him as from small-pox. The very air is liable to be polluted by his noxious breathings.

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